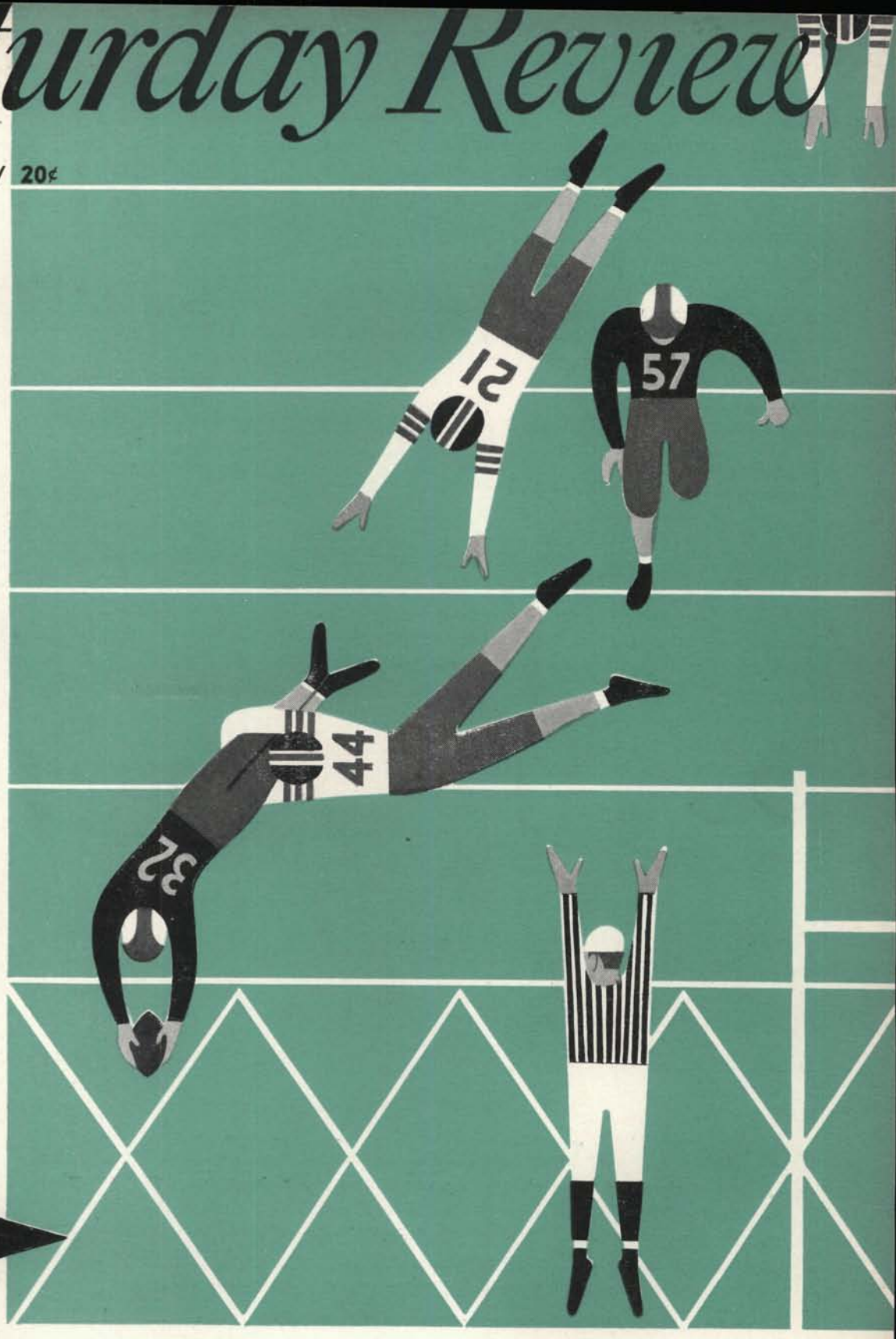
Saturday Review

OCTOBER 3, 1953 / 20¢



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SUNDRY PUBLICK NOTICES

Information of value to certain of our fellow-citizens, culled from the 1,196 pages of
THE STANDARD DICTIONARY OF FOLKLORE, MYTHOLOGY & LEGEND
and here reprinted for the benefit of whom it may concern:

Dodger Fans: The raspberry is under the domination of Venus and is commonly a symbol of remorse. . . . The rude noise made by vibrating the tongue between the lips, sometimes called the Bronx Cheer or "the bird." This manifestation, which originated in England, has been joyfully adopted in America as a gesture of defiance to constituted authority and as an integral part of American blood sports, such as wrestling, prize-fighting, baseball, and the like.

Housewives with budgets: . . . at one time potatoes sold for as high as $1,000 a pound and were forbidden by law in Scotland in 1728 because it was an unholy plant of the nightshade family and not mentioned in the Bible.

Amorous swains: You should never cut parsley if you are in love. If you give it away, you give away your luck; nor should you accept it as a gift — if you must have it, steal it.

Firemen: Beans are all colors and most shapes, according to Josh Billings, who was also impressed with the fact that a quart of them "biled two hours" come out a gallon and a half. . . . Josh adds "There ain't but phew things that can beat a bean climbing a pole."

Sufferers from mal de mer: Others recommend lemon as a seasickness cure, but they add that if it is not effective, at least it tastes no worse coming up than it did going down.

Westchester, Connecticut, and Long Island Commuters: Not so long ago the playing of tunes on locomotive whistles was a matter of great pride among railroad engineers. "Whistling Bill" Wardoff was said to play an ear-shattering version of *Home Sweet Home* as he brought his engine in.

Chain Smokers: Tobacco was smoked by South American Indians more for magic purposes than for enjoyment. Even those who used it in ordinary life expected to benefit from it in various ways. In a great many Amazonian and Guiana tribes only shamans smoked cigars. Tobacco smoke provoked a mild state of stupor during which they were able to converse with spirits. It also gave more strength to their breath and facilitated the extraction of magic missiles from patients' bodies.

Newlyweds: Husbands particularly should be interested in knowing that the cackling of a hen is a sign of wifely authority. The crowing of a hen has given rise to the famous jingles:

Whistling girls and crowing hens,
Always come to some bad end.
Whistling maid and a crowing hen,
Neither fit for God or men.

But the feminist has changed all this and the counter jingle runs:

Whistling girls and hens that crow,
Make their way wherever they go.

Housebuilders and Hunters: Usage today in the construction of buildings has little in common with that in ancient and medieval times . . . sites often were selected by divination of various types among which animal omens were the most common. Both the day and the hour for laying the foundation had to be lucky; local spirits and earth spirits had to be propitiated; evil spirits had to be driven away and witches' spells averted or destroyed. Omens of luck had to be put in foundations, such as bread, salt, plants, herbs of health-giving nature, gold and silver and money.

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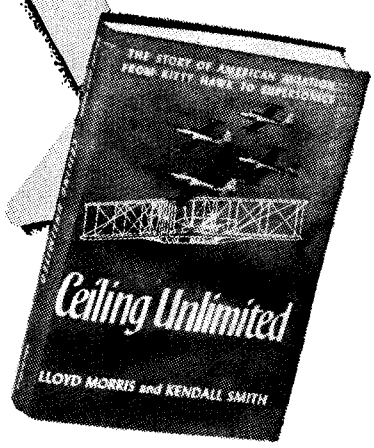

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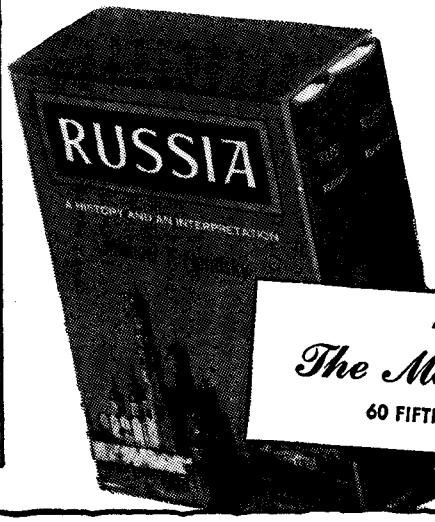

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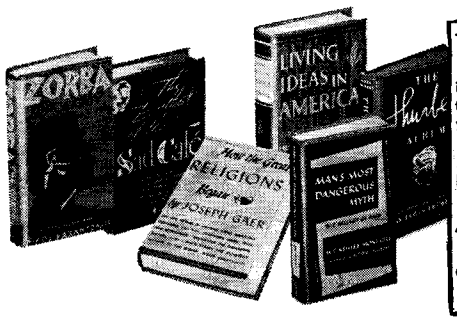

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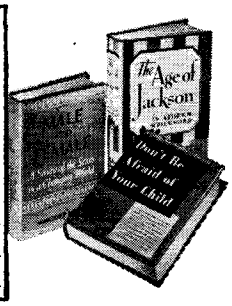

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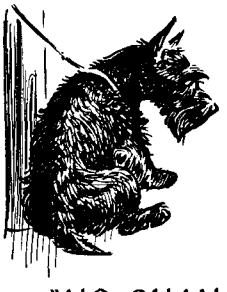

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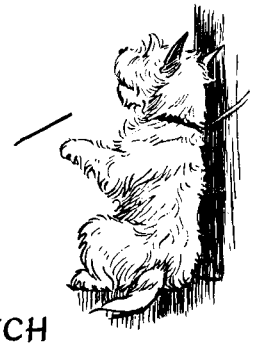

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SR's Library Poll

REGIONAL variations in the popularity of leading non-fiction books were revealed by *The Saturday Review*'s Library Poll this week to be even greater than the significant differences in local fiction preferences disclosed in an earlier poll.

From coast to coast the non-fiction title in most demand over-all at representative public libraries was "The Power of Positive Thinking," by Norman Vincent Peale.

Atlanta: "A Man's Reach," by Charles Morrow Wilson
Boston: "Annapurna," by Maurice Herzog
Buffalo: "Tusitala of the South Seas," by Joseph Waldo Ellison
Chicago: "The Power of Positive Thinking," by Norman Vincent Peale
Cleveland: "A House Is Not a Home," by Polly Adler
Dallas: "The Power of Positive Thinking," by Norman Vincent Peale
Birmingham: "Where Main Street Meets the River," by Hodding Carter
Des Moines: "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female," by A. C. Kinsey, *et al.*
Los Angeles: "A House Is Not a Home," by Polly Adler
Louisville: "Life Among the Savages," by Shirley Jackson
Milwaukee: "The Power of Positive Thinking," by Norman Vincent Peale
Minneapolis: "People, Places and Books," by Gilbert Highet
New York: "Hope for the Troubled," by Lucy Freeman
Omaha: "The Strange Case of Alger Hiss," by The Earl Jowitt
Philadelphia: "A House Is Not a Home," by Polly Adler
Pittsburgh: "India and the Awakening East," by Eleanor Roosevelt
Richmond: "The Power of Positive Thinking," by Norman Vincent Peale
St. Louis: "The Power of Positive Thinking," by Norman Vincent Peale
Salt Lake City: "A Man Called Peter," by Catherine Marshall

While in first position in only five cities, Mr. Peale's book nevertheless was reported by thirteen libraries to be *among* their non-fiction titles in most demand.

"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones, continued to be sparked into fiction leadership at our public libraries by the success of the recent motion picture. —W.D.P.

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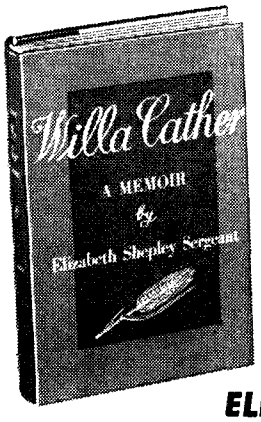

Willa Cather: A MEMOIR

by ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

"This is the way to see Willa Cather," writes Edward Wagenknecht in the *Saturday Review* of this intimate portrait by a friend and admirer and he adds that it "duplicates no other work."

"The whole tracing of Miss Cather's 'career' and dedication as an artist between 1910 and 1947 shows a novelist's skill in its little scenes. Along with the critical consideration of all her work . . . she presents an endless number of characters who are part of significant circumstances and many gossipy anecdotes . . . A valuable literary canvas." —ERNESTINE EVANS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* $3.50

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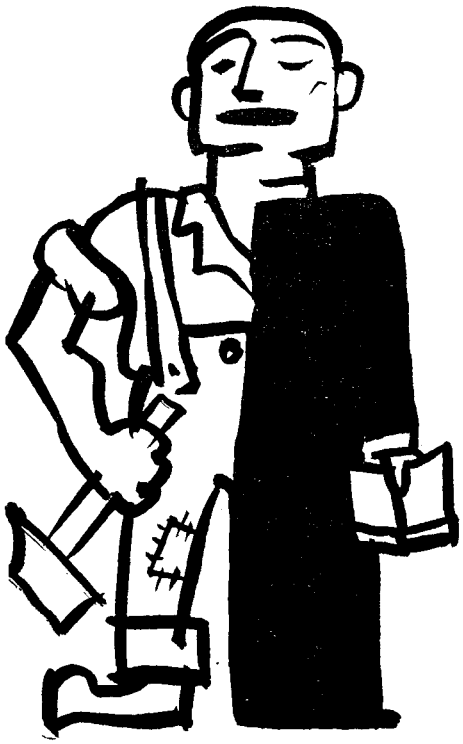


Daniel Pézeril, a young French priest, presents his first novel, **RUE NOTRE DAME ($2.50)** between the shade of Bernanos (to whom he ministered on his deathbed) and Bruce Marshall, who writes the introduction. Roughly it's about the old problem of the irresistible force and the immovable obstacle; both in this case priests, one ancient and disillusioned, the other a newly-fledged priest-workman. The introduction (which, for once, no one is going to be tempted to skip) fills in the rather weird background of the story.

HILAIRE BELLOC: *No Alienated Man* ($2.75) is by another new writer, **Frederick Wilhelmsen,** a young man who not only understands Belloc but can see why Graham Greene (for instance) doesn't. With the help of two key books, The Four Men and The Path to Rome, he sets about the gigantic task of disentangling the essential Belloc from the mass of his writings. If you have any affection for Belloc (even a slightly irritable one) you will enjoy this book.

More than a dozen authors are discussed in **A HANDFUL OF AUTHORS ($3.00),** literary essays **by G. K. Chesterton,** none of which have appeared in any collection of his work. The authors include Louisa May Alcott, (whom Chesterton loves), Mark Twain, Cervantes, Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear.

from any bookstore

For more about (and extracts from) these and other new books, see Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET, free and postpaid from Elizabeth MacGill,

SHEED & WARD New York 3

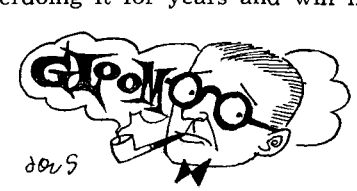
TRADE Winds

IN THE WEEKS that Laura Hobson has been tending the garden of literature so thoroughly for you—watering the coverfront, you might say—I have been having a vacation of sorts near New York, darting in most Sunday nights for the "What's My Line?" television show, and trying to resist the oppressive awareness of convulsions in international diplomacy, Wall Street markets, and reprint publishing.

Why do other countries seem to hate us more with every million we give them? Why do stocks decline when the nation's greatest steel and automobile companies yield something like 8 per cent in dividends—and are paying stockholders (because of our ridiculous tax set-up) a patently insufficient share of their earnings at that? How long are hardbound publishers going to continue financing paperback entrepreneurs who, if successful enough, conceivably could manage to destroy their benefactors completely?

THESE ARE JUST A FEW of the thoughts I could not get out of my mind while supposedly "relaxing." And, to add to the vague air of discontent that enveloped me, there was the unholy list of casualties in the literary world—good people going far before their time—to serve as a reminder of what constant stress and tension were doing to thinking souls these days. Bert Andrews, Jan Struther, John Horne Burns, and Malcolm Bingay were particularly good friends of this department. This paragraph is to tell them goodbye. They will be sorely missed.

Also temporarily felled by late summer misfortunes of one sort and another were Saxe Commins, John O'Hara, John Marquand, and Jim Thurber. Commins, one of the finest book editors alive today, has been overdoing it for years and will have



to take things more easily in months to come. O'Hara is practically himself again after a siege at Harkness Memorial. It was while calling him there one morning that, in some mysterious fashion nobody has been able to explain, I found myself suddenly connected with Jim Thurber, in another part of the hospital entirely.

THURBER'S EYES HAVE BEEN failing steadily for the past twelve years and his wife has done valiant service as what he calls his "seeing eye." The discov-

ery that she herself would have to undergo an eye operation was a staggering blow, but all has turned out well. Particularly noteworthy—and an inspiration to his friends—was Thurber's amazing optimism and composure throughout the ordeal.

"I've had to live with the fear of blindness," he explained, "since I was six, when my brother accidentally shot out my left eye with a toy arrow. Today I have 6 per cent vision at most. But blindness is only a challenge, not a handicap. In many ways it's actually an advantage for a writer. There are less distractions by useless reading, or a bird at the window, or a pretty girl passing by. . . . I now am able to write complete stories in my head. I can remember a 3,500-word story without missing a punctuation mark. I did 'Waters of the Moon' in my head in nine days—and it's just as good as 'The Secret Life of Walter Mitty,' which took eight weeks when I could see."

Jim's newest book, "Thurber Country," is due from Simon and Schuster any minute.

I READ A LOT OF BOOKS while I was away—and saw a lot of movies. The movies, I regret to say, were on the whole a great deal more impressive than the books. "From Here to Eternity" is one of the finest pictures I ever have seen, "The Bandwagon" an enchanting musical, and "Roman Holiday" a delight from beginning to end. Audrey Hepburn is the loveliest new star to pop up in a dog's age. On the other hand, I thought that Martin and Lewis's latest effort, "The Caddy," hit a new low in bad taste and inanity. Martin and Lewis are very funny fellows who have a fanatical following, but whoever has been providing their material lately should be hung from the yard-arm. Another picture doing land-office business that struck me as offensive hogwash is

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I am Esther Costello.
I am deaf, dumb, and blind . . .

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

"I, the Jury"—Mickey Spillane with the sex and sadism toned down to soothe the censors—and a lot of unexplained goons wandering around competing for the award of Worst Actor of the Year.

WHAT I'M SAYING about Spillane will sound particularly heretical to the proprietors of Maury's news and tobacco emporium in Norfolk, Virginia. Every time a new Spillane masterpiece appears it's Maury's that gets a full three-day jump on the rest of the country. The Navy has always gone for Mickey in a great big way, and Mickey intends that they continue to do so. He covers the entire Norfolk base like a wet sponge, then signs and signs at Maury's until the stock—and the clerks—are completely exhausted. The last time out, a Dutton operative discloses, 1,500 copies were sold in a single day, and, he adds, critics who don't like it are invited to jump into Chesapeake Bay. . . . Swim, anybody?

THE BROADWAY STAGE HAS contributed nothing new all summer, but the hiatus has enabled George Jean Nathan to come up with one of the greatest notions of the century. "Baseball players are numbered for the convenience of the spectators," he points out, "so why not chorus girls?" No more, if his revolutionary scheme is adopted, will a hard-pressed husband have to root about for days seeking to establish the identity of the little blonde with the moon-shaped puss who was third from the left in the Garden of Eden number. He'll just call up backstage and command, "Tell Number 42 to slip out of her sweater and hustle in from the bull-pen." . . . Now if George Jean can only devise some way to enjoy telecasts of next season's Yankee ball games without having to

listen to the interminable yak-yak of Commentator Mel Allen, TRADE WINDS is ready to concede that 1953 hasn't been such a bad year after all.

WITH PUBLISHERS DEPENDING more and more on their cut of subsidiary rights to keep the wolf from the door, the phenomenal growth of the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club has been a heartening development. Under the expert guidance of Ralph Henderson—one of the nicest gents in the industry—this department of the *Digest* (four issues in hard covers a year, condensing at least four books

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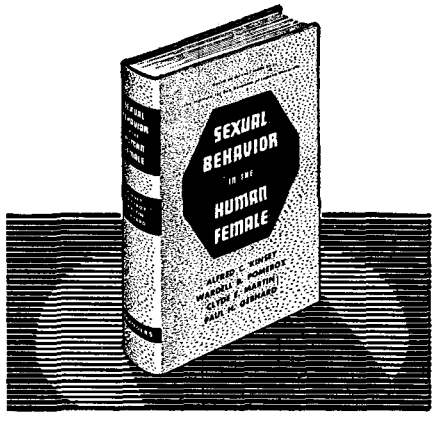

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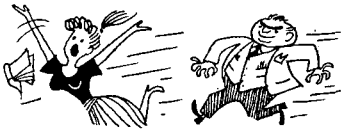
at one crack) has built up to almost a million subscribers through utilization of *Digest* mailing lists alone. Now Henderson proposes tapping other lists—also experimenting with a few splash ads in top media—and hopes to nudge the million-and-a-half mark come spring. At that rate, and considering the generous royalty policy for which the *Digest* is known, a selection there may soon be worth more in dollars and cents to both author and publisher than a choice by a major old-line book club.

CHARLEY RICE THINKS DR. KINSEY should have named his book "For Whom the Belles Told." . . . Paul Pearlman, Washington's perennial handball champ, sold one of his first copies to a customer who promptly followed a figure in a slinky black gown for ten full blocks before he found it was a Supreme Court Justice . . . And in a midtown publishing office a portly editor suddenly began taking running lessons. One of the firm's salesmen assured a pal, "Why, the old boy's so fit now he can actually do the hundred-yard-dash in eleven seconds flat." The pal exclaimed, "Heaven help his poor secretary!"



WALTER MASTERSON writes that he asked his wife, "Can I go to the Whitney masquerade as Napoleon?" His wife assured him, "Of Corsican." . . . A writer on Mr. Zanuck's payroll in Hollywood loyally resisted overtures from a rival outfit. "I belong to Fox," he declared proudly, "lock, stock, and Darryl." . . . And Luther Fancourt boasts that he has seen the Coronation film six times to date. "Since I was a boy of ten," he elaborates, "I've been a pushover for fealty pictures."

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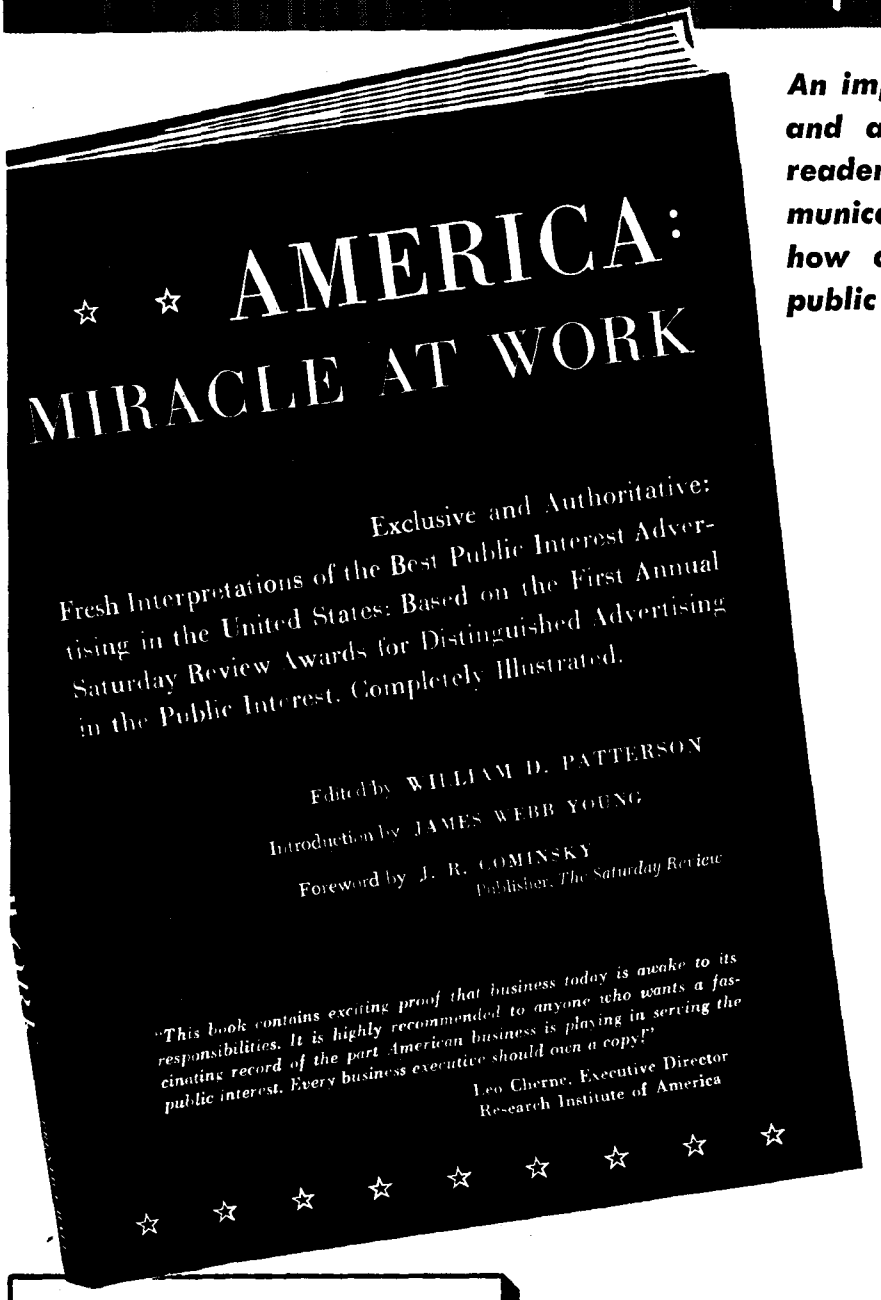
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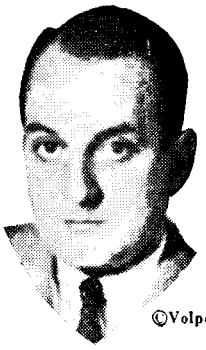
3 novelists and a novelist's critic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Louis Auchincloss has won high critical regard. "His style is fluent, cultivated, urbane," said the *Saturday Review*. "His tools are accuracy and compassion," said *Time*. His new novel, **A LAW FOR THE LION,** is about the brutal but oddly illuminating effects of the antiquated New York divorce court on a woman who believes in telling the truth. $3.00

Nigel Balchin is the author of *Mine Own Executioner* and *The Small Back Room*. The *London Times* has marveled at his "astonishing dexterity of dialogue and characterization" and the *New York Herald Tribune* called him "a capital story-teller." **PRIVATE INTERESTS,** his latest novel, shows the interplay of personalities against the background of a British corporation — the compulsive urge for power, the planned scandals, the unexpected involvement of people who have little to do with the world of big business. $3.50

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Charles Bracelen Flood is an exciting new writer whose first novel **LOVE IS A BRIDGE** is winner of the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award. It is the story of a youthful marriage that should have been, of a rupture that shouldn't, and of the many confused attempts to reestablish happiness. Flood writes with a fresh and confident touch of the undertones beneath the smooth surface of life in Boston and Long Island. $3.75

Maxwell Geismar is one of America's most distinguished and widely read critics. His latest book, **REBELS AND ANCESTORS,** is an exploration of the years of intellectual ferment in America between 1890 and 1915. Novelist James Branch Cabell calls it "a far more than noteworthy book." Nelson Algren, author of *The Man With The Golden Arm*, says "as the astronomer uses a high-powered lens to discover fresh truth about familiar stars, Maxwell Geismar uses the familiar names of London and Dreiser and Stephen Crane to bring us fresh truths about ourselves." $4.50

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The Saturday Review
OCTOBER 3, 1953

CONVERSATIONS WITH ROUSSEAU . . . *By James Boswell*

IN 1764 James Boswell was traveling through Switzerland enroute from Germany to Italy. While there he made a point of going to Môtiers and introduced himself to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who was living in this tiny mountain village at the time with his mistress Thérèse Le Vasseur. A record of his conversations with Rousseau appears in "Boswell on the Grand Tour: Germany and Switzerland," the latest publication in the Yale Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell, from which the excerpt below is drawn.

In his introduction to this volume the editor of the papers, Frederick A. Pottle, writes: "Boswell chose to record his conversations with Rousseau in French, a language which he spoke and wrote fluently without ever having really mastered it; and he has given us further cause for regret by leaving them in a perplexed and huddled state that falls short by many degrees of the elaborated dramatic dialogue of 'The Life of Johnson.' Yet they are historically the most important he ever put on paper. In these conversations we see his mind intimately in contact with that of the greatest literary genius of the century. I believe that no one else has given us so detailed and authentic a portrait of Rousseau the Talker; and in none of the conversations he recorded did Boswell reveal more of himself. They would make even better reading, no doubt, if he had done them over in the style of 'The Life of Johnson': distancing them, muting or suppressing the insistent personal note, posing Rousseau in high light and putting himself in the shadow. But it is a mistake to suppose that we could have had the cool and good-humoured objectivity of 'The Life of Johnson' without the intense and at times oppressive subjectivity of the journal. The sketch fixes the matter for ever in the heat of a vivid egotism; the finished picture can afford to be more objective."

"Boswell on the Grand Tour: Germany and Switzerland" will be published October 19 by the McGraw-Hill Book Co.

FRIDAY 14 DECEMBER. At eight I got on horseback and had for my guide a smith called Dupuis. I said, "Since when (*depuis quand*) have you had that name?" I passed the Mountain Lapidosa, which is monstrously steep and in a great measure covered with snow. I was going to Rousseau, which consideration levelled the roughest mountains. I arrived at Môtiers before noon. I alighted at Rousseau's door. Up and I went and found Mademoiselle Le Vasseur, who told me, "He is very ill." "But can I see him for a moment?" "I will find out. Step in, Sir." I found him sitting in great pain.

ROUSSEAU. "I am overcome with ailments, disappointments, and sorrow. —Every one thinks it my duty to attend to him." BOSWELL. "That is most natural; and is it not a source of satisfaction to you to find you can be of so much help to others?" ROUSSEAU. "Why—"

I had left with him when I was last here what I called a "Sketch of My Life," in which I gave him the important incidents of my history and my melancholy apprehensions, and begged his advice and friendship. It was an interesting piece. He said, "I have read your Memoir. You have been gulled. You ought never to see a priest." BOSWELL. "But can I yet hope to make something of myself?" ROUSSEAU. "Yes. Your great difficulty is that you think it so difficult a matter. Come back in the afternoon. But put your watch on the table." BOSWELL. "For how long?" ROUSSEAU. "A quarter of an hour, and no longer." BOSWELL. "Twenty minutes." ROUSSEAU. "Be off with you!—Ha! Ha!" Notwithstanding the pain he was in, he was touched

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with my singular sally and laughed most really. He had a gay look immediately.

I DINED in my old room with the two boarders. After dinner I walked out. There had fallen much rain, and the *vallon* was all overflowed. Nature looked somewhat different from the time that I was first here. I was sorry that such a scene was subject to any change.

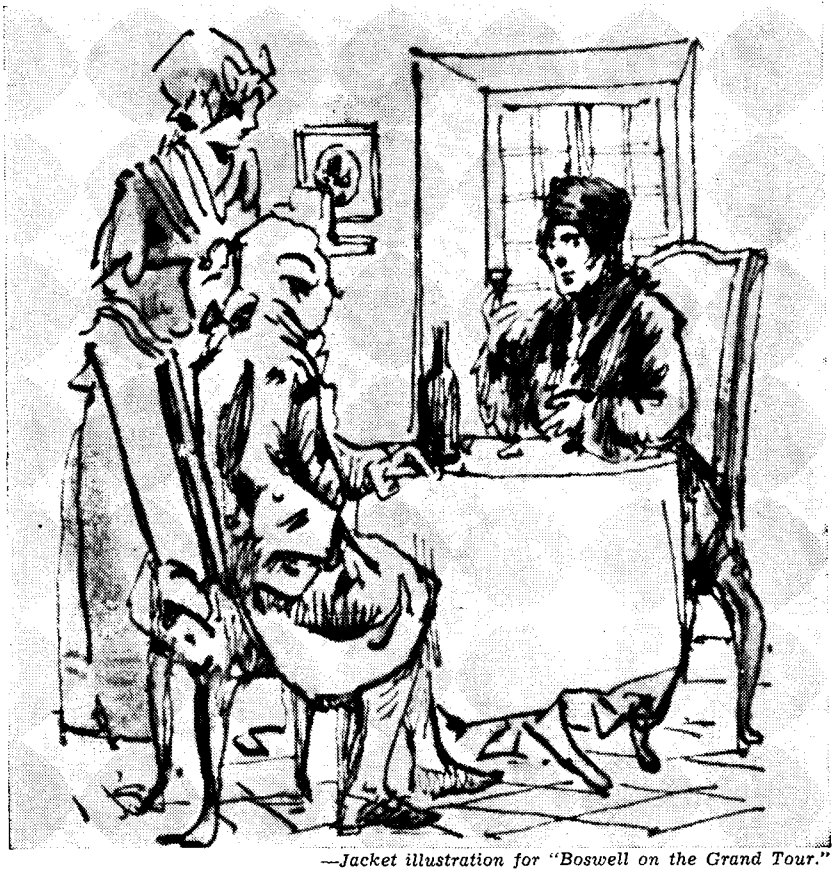
At four I went to Monsieur Rousseau. "I have but a moment allowed me; I must use it well.—Is it possible to live amongst other men, and to retain singularity?" ROUSSEAU. "Yes, I have done it." BOSWELL. "But to remain on good terms with them?" ROUSSEAU. "Oh, if you want to be a wolf, you must howl.—I attach very little importance to books." BOSWELL. "Even to your own books?" ROUSSEAU. "Oh, they are just rigmarole." BOSWELL. "Now you are howling." ROUSSEAU. "When I put my trust in books, I was tossed about as you are—though it is rather by talking that you have been tossed. I had nothing stable here" (striking his head) "before I began to meditate." BOSWELL. "But you would not have meditated to such good purpose if you had not read." ROUSSEAU. "No. I should have meditated to better purpose if I had begun sooner." BOSWELL. "But I, for example, would never have had the agreeable ideas I possess of the Christian religion, had I not read 'The Savoyard's Creed.'—To tell the truth, I can find no certain system. Morals appear to me an uncertain thing. For instance, I should like to have thirty women. Could I not satisfy that desire?" ROUSSEAU. "No!" BOSWELL. "Why?" ROUSSEAU. "Ha! Ha! If Mademoiselle were not here, I would give you a most ample reason why." BOSWELL. "But consider: if I am rich, I can take a number of girls; I get them with child; propagation is thus increased. I give them dowries, and I marry them off to good peasants who are very happy to have them. Thus they become wives at the same age as would have been the case if they had remained virgins, and I, on my side, have had the benefit of enjoying a great variety of women." ROUSSEAU. "Oh, you will be landed in jealousies, betrayals, and treachery." BOSWELL. "But cannot I follow the Oriental usage?" ROUSSEAU. "In the Orient the women are kept shut up, and that means keeping slaves. And, mark you, their women do nothing but harm, whereas ours do much good, for they do a great deal of work." BOSWELL. "I should like to follow the example of the old Patriarchs, worthy men whose memory I hold in respect." ROUSSEAU. "But are you not a citizen? You must not pick and choose one law here and another law there; you must take the laws of your own society. Do your duty as a citizen, and if you hold fast, you will win respect. I should not talk about it, but I would do it.—And as for your lady [the lady of his "Sketch"] when you go back to Scotland you will say, 'Madam, such conduct is against my conscience, and there shall be no more of it.' She will applaud you; if not, she is to be despised." BOSWELL. "Suppose her passion is still lively, and she threatens to tell her husband what has happened unless I agree to continue our intrigue?" ROUSSEAU. "In the first place, she will not tell him. In the second, you have no right to do evil for the sake of good." BOSWELL. "True. None the less, I can imagine some very embarrassing situations. And pray tell me how I can expiate the evil I have done?" ROUSSEAU. "Oh, Sir, there is no expiation for evil except good."

A BEAUTIFUL thought this. Nevertheless, I maintained my doctrine of satisfaction by punishment. Yes, I must ever think that immutable justice requires atonement to be made for transgressions, and this atonement is to be made by suffering. This is the universal idea of all nations, and seems to be a leading principle of Christianity. I gave myself full scope; for since I left England I have not had anybody to whom I could lay open entirely my mind till I found Monsieur Rousseau.

I asked him, "When I get to France and Italy, may I not indulge in the gallantries usual to those countries, where the husbands do not resent your making love to their wives? Nay, should I not be happier as the citizen of such a nation?" ROUSSEAU. "They are corpses. Do you want to be a corpse?" He was right. BOSWELL. "But tell me, has a virtuous man any true advantages, is he really better off than a man given up to sensuality?" ROUSSEAU. "We cannot doubt that we are spiritual beings; and when the soul escapes from this prison, from this flesh, the virtuous man will find things to his liking. He will enjoy the contemplation of happy souls, nobly employed. He will say, 'I have already lived a life like that.' Whereas those who experience nothing but the vile passions which have their origin in the body will be dissatisfied by the spectacle of pleasures which they have no means of enjoying."

BOSWELL. "Upon my word, I am at a loss how to act in this world; I cannot determine whether or not I should adopt some profession." ROUSSEAU. "One must have a great plan." BOSWELL. "What about those studies on which so much stress is laid? Such as

(*Continued on page 60*)



—Jacket illustration for "Boswell on the Grand Tour."

Boswell dines with Rousseau.

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Baseball, Books and Backaches

For baseball addicts—and who isn't one this time of year?—statistics by the bookload have become a current obsession, as Harold Rosenthal, sports writer on the New York Herald Tribune, *explains in the article below.*

By HAROLD ROSENTHAL

TO AN exceedingly slender segment of a tiny portion of this country's record working populace this week will prove one of daily, even hourly, tribulation. The best of the baseball players face their biggest test in the World Series. What they do, or possibly what they don't do, will be written in large letters on rag-content pages of well-bound volumes easily accessible for unborn generations.

No other business, profession, or calling places pressure of such crushing proportions upon its working people. Perhaps the game's well-nigh perfected system of maintaining records or the paying public's increasing passion for printed figures, no matter how seemingly trivial, has had a lot to do with it. A dentist's error usually means just one ruined smile; a doctor's incorrect diagnosis provides just another occupant for the family crypt. But just let Yogi Berra forget to touch second base some time this week. . . .

The situation, which has caused honest, hard-working ballplayers to resemble goldfish living within digital reach of a battery of calculating machines, wasn't always like this. I was reminded of this the other day when the six-year-old who boards at our house, the one who customarily gets first crack at the choice cuts, was digging around in my stuff.

His excuse for emptying my briefcase was that he was looking for the recently arrived copy of Wightman's "The Growth of Scientific Ideas." As I picked up behind him I admonished him ruefully, and wearily.

"How," I demanded, as I slipped one book after another back into the big leather case, "do you expect Daddy to be able to cover his baseball games if you mix up his books?"

It was a couple of hours later, making my way to the ball park and listing to starboard under the pull of a ten-pound briefcase, that the significance of my own remark struck me. What has happened to baseball reporting and why do the writers today invariably find themselves loaded with books and notebooks in the manner of a college junior trying to impress some prof?

If the diamond prose titans of thirty years ago were around today they'd get a good belly laugh out of the current academic aspects of baseball reporting. And if they wanted to slap hand on knee to emphasize their uninhibited enjoyment of the situation they wouldn't be hampered by any fistful of books of assorted sizes, either.

In John McGraw's day a newspaperman was viewed with something like suspicion if he carried anything more substantial than a small scorebook, a pencil stub, and perhaps a slight hangover. Today the briefcase is no affectation. It's needed. Why?

Well, there's the scorebook, made by the MacGregor sporting goods people in Cincinnati and distributed free to the working newsmen. This hasn't changed any. You need two of these a year to get in all the spring training games and the 154 contests of the regular season.

Then there is the current book you keep on pitching, rival pitching, home runs, and rival home runs. If you're eager you do it for all the teams in the league, and perhaps for the other league, too.

Now we come to the "American League Red Book" (distinguished by its red cover), the "National League Green Book" (distinguished by its green cover), and the "Official Baseball Guide" published by J. G. Taylor Spink (distinguished by its having no cover because of the extensive use to which it's been subjected).

Then there's "Spink's Baseball Register," the weightiest of the books you'll carry, containing the records of the playing careers of everyone currently in the major leagues. A really strong-armed student also will lug Hy Turkin's "Encyclopedia of Baseball" with him but the weightiness of its contents is overbalanced by its heaviness on a Western trip. It starts out at a conservative two and a quarter pounds. By the time you've reached Chicago, third stop on a Western swing, you're ready to swear that it's been printed on cast-iron.

THEN there's the notebook (for notes), pencils (four out of five good newspapermen wouldn't be caught dead with a pencil of their own), a handkerchief or two (for the phony rooter in the press corps to weep into after the club has lost), and some impressive-looking paper (in the event things simply get to be too much and you wish to mail your resignation.)

The necessity for lugging books stems from the snowballing fad of more and more baseball statistics. In the old days the only time you asked how many homers the fellow had hit was after Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, or Greenberg, or someone of similar stature, had belted one. Now the question "How many?" follows a homer by a fellow who might not even be in the league the next time around.

The major-league clubs have aided and abetted this madness by cooperating with the statistics bugs to the point where everyone has had to become one in sheer defense. Ten years ago the full-time statistician was absolutely unknown in baseball. Today he has literally immersed the customer in figures. The danger here is that the fan might get too much of it in the story and be chased away, or that the harassed reporter, supplying the stuff, might easily forget to mention whether the ball went over the leftfield or rightfield fence.

A confrere, whose baseball reporting activities go back three decades, was decrying the new trend. "Books, books, and more books," he moaned. "Why, in the old days they wouldn't let you into the press box if you showed up with a briefcase. They'd have figured you to be a summons server or some guy trying to sell life insurance."

He hoisted himself out of his chair. Bending, he lifted a stylish briefcase with difficulty. "And now if you'll pardon me and my library," he sighed, "we're going out to the ball park."

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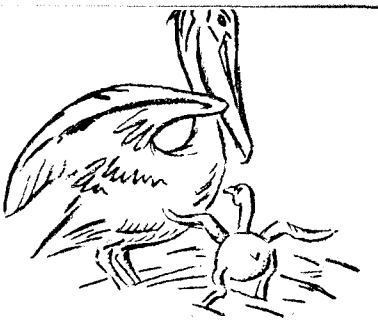
Tolliver's Travels

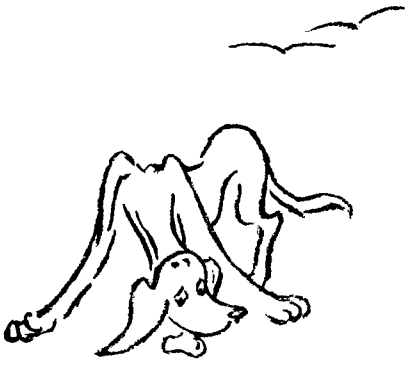


EDITOR'S NOTE: *Several years ago Ben Lucien Burman and his illustrator, Alice Caddy, who is Mrs. Burman, prepared for* The Saturday Review *a travelogue through the Kentucky mountains* [*SR* Aug. 12, 1950]. *Here they present a new journey through the South following the course of Mundy Tolliver, the leading character in Mr. Burman's new novel, "The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver," which is to be published by Julian Messner, Inc., on October 13. The drawings will appear in the book; the text is written especially by Mr. Burman for* The Saturday Review.

By ALICE CADDY and BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

THE CATAHOULA HOG DOG, who roams the swamps of Catahoula Parish in North Central Louisiana, though sorry to behold, is highly valued by his masters. These are the fishermen farmers of the region who put their hogs out to graze in the swamps when spring arrives and send the hog dogs to round them up in the fall. The woeful looking canines will drive any hog they see, irrespective of ownership, into the nearest pen, leaving their masters to come later and argue about whose property the swine may be.

The most valuable Catahoula is the



"glass-eye leopard type," so called because of its faded spots—perhaps derived from some straying bird dog ancestor—and its different colored eyes, sometimes a startling yellow and blue that give the effect of being decidedly artificial.

Due to some previous publicity given this remarkable animal by Louisiana wildlife officials, the dog now is in great demand by dog lovers and is in process of becoming an established breed, to compete with cocker spaniels, Dobermans, Russian wolf hounds, etc.

THE MISSISSIPPI SWAMPS are as full of superstition as they are of moccasins and alligators. The traveler in the area cannot fail to acquire some remarkable Unnatural Natural History. If he follows, for example, an alligator during the late months of autumn he will see that the great reptile, as it crawls along the bank, stops to study every chunk of wood that happens to be lying in its path. When the alligator at last finds the chunk of proper size and texture, it swallows the wood at a single gulp and follows this with the usual alligator smile, then soon after crawls into its hole and goes to sleep with deep satisfaction. For it has protected its delicate digestion; during the long months of its hibernation the wood it has swallowed will prevent the walls of its stomach from growing together. When spring comes to the swamps, it crawls lazily out from its hole and coughs the chunk up again.

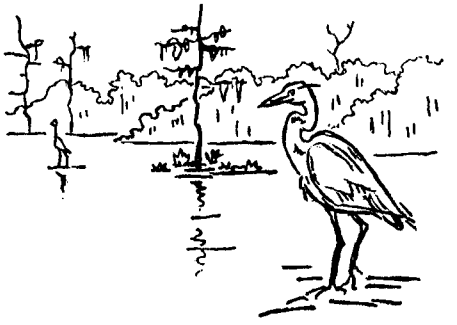
The traveler may also learn that the alligator's hide is not as tough as generally imagined. If the reptile is even slightly scratched by a hunter's bullet when swimming it must immediately crawl onto the land. For the water burns its skin like iodine.

Every log and hollow tree in the swamps houses a snake, many of strange varieties. But most remarkable of all is a newly-found development of the stinging snake, that extraordinary Mississippi serpent with a bony spur in its tail containing a needle like that of a sewing machine, so poisonous that if it strikes the walls of a frame house, the wood begins to rot as though attacked by termites, and soon collapses into dust. This new species of stinging snake, happily not often encountered, adds to its own deadly properties the agility of the hoopsnake. Rolling silently up to its unsuspecting victim, it straightens out into the shape of an ordinary snake, then quickly stinging its prey to death, rolls off into the swamp again.

LIFE ALONG some of the smaller and more remote tributaries of the lower Mississippi is as full of color as in the older days, with its boisterous levee camps, its moonshiners, its towboaters. I traveled recently with a pilot, a quiet mannered Frenchman, who when he sees an alligator in the water ahead, gives the wheel of the towboat he is steering to a deckhand and jumps overboard to wrestle with the monster for a little while, then climbs dripping back onto the boat, and quietly takes the wheel again.

The speech of these towboatmen is as pungent and salty as their old time predecessors. The captain of a towboat on which I was a passenger looked sardonically at some deckhands huddled close together at the bow. "Bet they're talking about women," he muttered. "When rivermen are on a boat all they talk about is women. When they're on shore with the women all they talk about is boats."

The making of moonshine whisky is almost as common in the swamps bordering these little rivers as in the Southern mountains, and barges of sugar must be carefully watched at night to prevent forays by local whisky makers. Neighboring swampmen take pains never to betray these operations, but occasionally wild ani-



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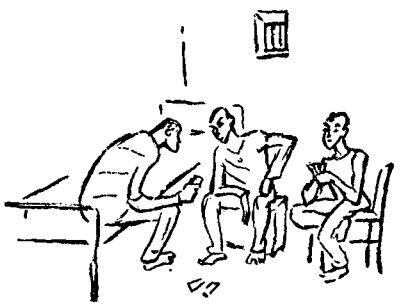
mals are less careful. Not long ago, says legend, a wandering revenue officer sighted half a dozen raccoons reeling merrily through the palmetto. Suspecting the reason, he smelled their breaths, then followed their tracks through the woods to find a new group of coons gloriously drunk as they ate the mash fermenting in the barrels beside a huge still.

Some thirsty towboatmen, chancing to pass after the raid, spent a day poking long sticks into the swampy shore, trying to locate buried liquid treasure.

THE CHINESE SHRIMP PLATFORMS off the coast of Louisiana, where shrimp are caught and dried for the Oriental trade, as well as the fishing villages along the nearby shore are rich in signs and portents. Every passing pelican, every cat fat with shrimp has its special meaning. If the moon is lying

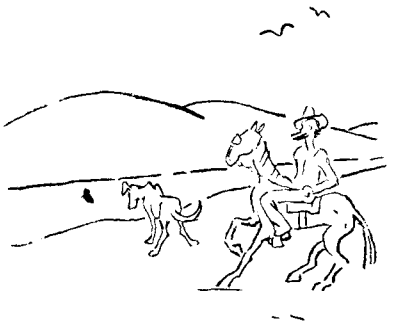


down the fisherman out in his shrimp boat must stand up; there is going to be a storm and he will get no sleep. If the moon is standing up, he can lie down; there will be fine weather.

Much of the legend centers about the porpoise who, every shrimper swears, will always roll a drowned man to the land so that he may receive Christian burial. The porpoise was once a man, and has never forgotten his human origin. So firm is this belief that a shrimper who killed a porpoise would be ostracized by his fellows like the Ancient Mariner. Many a time, fishermen sages will tell you, a porpoise has carried a shrimper safely to shore when the boatman had been wrecked in a storm and was sinking beneath the waves.

Naturally in such an environment ghosts of all kinds flourish. An old Cajun woman in a shrimping village whose son was lost in the Gulf was happy whenever she saw a dust-whirl outside her tiny cabin; she was certain it was her lost son come back for a visit.

Another old woman, when a neighbor's child was followed so much by ghosts that they became an annoyance, advised as a remedy that the



child start cleaning out one of the barrels of pitch used by the shrimpers to tar their nets and fishing gear. The unsuspecting ghosts, continuing their haunting pursuits as usual, would of course become stuck in the tar.

THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS continue to be an astonishing mixture of century-old customs and modern sophistication. I was talking not long ago to a venerable hillman who had been listening on the radio to a Kentucky team playing basketball in New York's Madison Square Garden. The contest was at its height when some members of rival families met in front of his cabin and began shooting in a revival of an ancient feud. The battle continued until several hundred shots had been fired.

The old man's face grew wistful as he told me of the episode. "Doggone, I never did know the end of that game," he said.

I was in the mountain area during the last election and was advised of the winner well in advance. "Eisenhower's going to be elected, brother," the sage of one mountain village told me. "His name's plenty longer than that fellow Stevenson. And there ain't been a time since George Washington run for President that the fellow with the longest name ain't won."

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN JAILS are as informal as ever. In a mountain newspaper I recently read an advertisement of a man seeking the office of county jailer. His platform read crisply: "If elected, meals served to everyone confined will be the same as I have at my table. If you elect me, you will not be sorry."

The sense of honor among mountain prisoners is sometimes startling to the observer. Many sheriffs never use handcuffs in escorting their prisoners, yet an escape under such circumstances is almost unknown.

A sheriff friend of mine was taking a hillman nicknamed Possum Tom off to the penitentiary at Frankfort to serve a life sentence for murder. The route required a change of trains at the railroad junction of Corbin, and the sheriff prepared to leave his charge at the end of the platform so he could go off and buy the new tickets.

"You wait here, Possum," said the officer. "I reckon I'll be gone just about five minute."

But there was a crowd at the ticket window and some trouble with a purchaser so that instead of five minutes it was over half an hour before the officer was through. He hurried back where he had left his charge and saw Possum pacing up and down, looking terribly nervous.

The prisoner's face lighted like the break of day over the mountains when he saw the officer returning. "Golly, where you been all this time, sheriff?" he demanded. "You sure had me worried you wasn't coming back."

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

The Limits of Humanism

IT IS customary now to say that the age of reason culminated in the eighteenth century and failed to achieve its aims. Man is now regarded as an unreasonable animal, which certainly can be but is not always true. It is also the fashion among self-styled humanists of today to exalt what they term the liberal arts, forgetting that half the original seven were more or less mathematical, and then insist in their rescripts and pronunciamentos on the inadequacy of science, which they define largely in terms of television and atomic bombs, inventions which they obviously and not unreasonably dislike. They thus proceed to limit the domain of reason to the unpleasant and the irrelevant. They propose to restore the balance of education by a contemplation of human activities which they regard almost axiomatically as too complex, too variable, and too unique ever to show any characters from which a generalization can be derived. This is not an exaggerated statement of a current trend, as will be easily verified by a careful reading of the more responsible newspapers at those times of year when educational pronouncements are made.

The extraordinary educational program which is put forward in the name of a new humanism is apparently to consist of a study of social sciences freed from all theoretical analysis, of literature in which the esthetic elements, intended for pure delight, are subordinated to human values that are hardly defined and, if they can be vaguely recognized, seem the appropriate field of scientific psychology. As a sop to the times, enough physics is to be added to enable the student to earn his living making radio sets while awaiting an inevitable atomic doom. Nothing learnt would have any relevance to anything else; history would appear as a succession of *actes gratuits*, and education would dissolve into a dreary atomistic empiricism from which all the values of the humanist would long have fled.

All knowledge of events in the external world is obtained in the same general way, whether we are studying atoms or pigments or the culture of the Japanese. No sane man would want to dispense with the humanities, but to claim that they are areas too sacred, too special, and too vague for the application of the ordinary method of learning by experience is the ultimate expression of pride.

—From "The Itinerant Ivory Tower," by G. E. Hutchinson, Sterling Professor of Zoology at Yale (Yale University Press).

The French Disease

SOME philosopher with an equally profound knowledge of human beings and economics may some day be able to describe adequately the disease of inflation, which is the creeping sickness of Western democracies. If he does, he will almost certainly choose France as his model of horror.

The peculiar characteristic of French inflation is that it has lasted for almost forty years, more than a full generation; it has been a pestilence that progresses in spurts of panic and slower lapses of seeming stability. Inflation as it has happened in Germany, twice in one generation, has come swiftly, like a quick ravaging plague, and been cured twice by savage repudiation. It is healthier when inflation comes like this, for all men are wiped out at once by a common disaster, and they are united in fear.

When inflation happens slowly, as in France, over a generation, it slowly changes all habits and morals. Money is no longer money as it is in England or America, and all the patterns of thrift, planning, decency, good taste that go with solid money become stupidity. When people realize that money is meaningless they become vulgar or selfish or wicked and divide against each other.

The quick, foxlike men leap ahead as they ride inflation's crests; the sharpster, not the producer, succeeds. Those who do what is best for the community—who save, who plan, who put aside—are wiped out; those who grab, thrive. Inflation makes a life in which the grasshopper, not the ant, is the hero of the parable. The old people suffer most, for their savings and all their accumulations are reduced to nothing; no insurance policy more than ten years old in France is worth as much as a ten-year-old automobile. The widows of the soldiers killed in France's wars receive a pension of 85,000 francs a year, once sufficient to live on, but now worth only five dollars a week. Inflation eats the honor out of a career of honor; a French captain knows that if he dies in Indo-China his wife will get 117,000 francs a year, or eight dollars a week, and that in another five years these francs may not be enough to buy a loaf of bread a day.

The warping of a community by inflation is almost indescribable. Take housing: since somehow men must be protected against inflation and must be protected first in their homes, rent controls must be slapped on. Since rents fixed in terms of paper francs are soon reduced by inflation to nothing, landlords will not repair and will not build. No houses get built, and a growing population is crammed and stuffed into falling, disease-burdened slums. Since it is unwise to save to build a house four or five years hence, because by then inflation will have

—By Sprod, from "The Best Humor from Punch" (World).

"Quiet Pleasures Are the Best."

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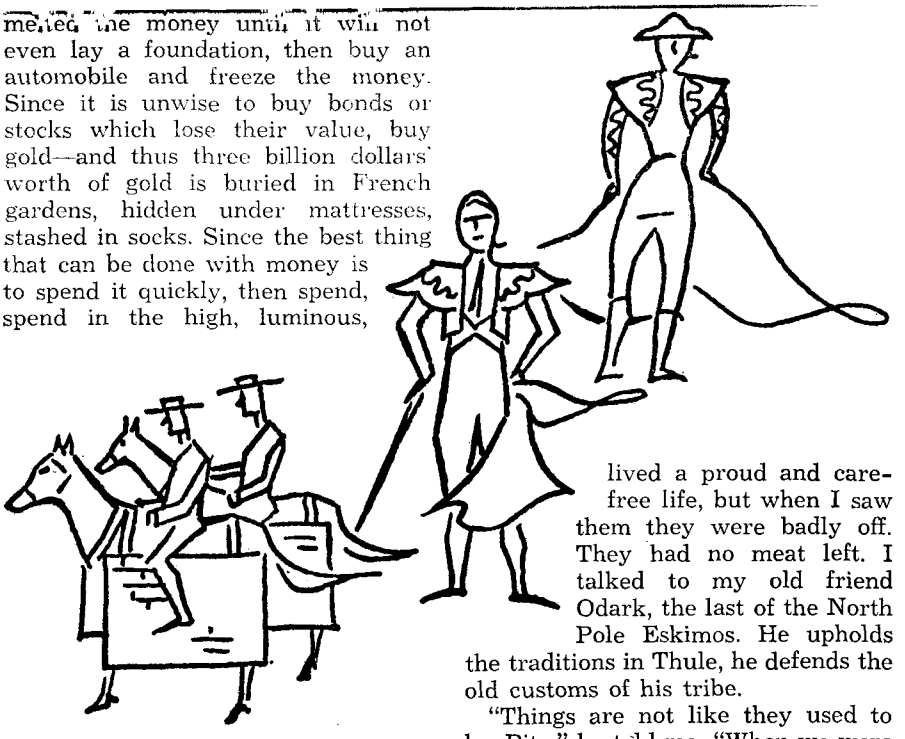
melted the money until it will not even lay a foundation, then buy an automobile and freeze the money. Since it is unwise to buy bonds or stocks which lose their value, buy gold—and thus three billion dollars' worth of gold is buried in French gardens, hidden under mattresses, stashed in socks. Since the best thing that can be done with money is to spend it quickly, then spend, spend in the high, luminous, grisly luxury of Deauville and Cannes, spend in the shops along the Rue St. Honoré and Rue de la Paix, build a summer bungalow along the Riviera because you will never build a home where you live. Spend fast because if you save you will end up like the old widows in black, or like those who have no money to spend anyway.

—From "Fire in the Ashes: Europe in Mid-Century," by Theodore H. White (to be published by William Sloane Assoc.).



Civilization Comes to the Arctic

THE Eskimos are moving away from Thule these days. They are deserting their ancient settlement. I read in the papers that two spokesmen for the Thule Eskimos have gone to Copenhagen to ask the Danish Government to move their village to the north, away from the deafening noise of the American airplanes. They can no longer remain in the place where their ancestors lived in isolation for centuries, because modern civilization has moved in and Thule in Northern Greenland, not far from the North Pole, has been turned into one of the world's major airports.

My friends laugh at the Eskimos. "Do they have such sensitive nerves?" they ask me. "Does the sound of the engines hurt their delicate ears?" my friends inquire. "Perhaps the Eskimos will become used to it like the rest of us."

How little they understand. I was in Thule not long ago and I met all my old friends again. They had always lived a proud and carefree life, but when I saw them they were badly off. They had no meat left. I talked to my old friend Odark, the last of the North Pole Eskimos. He upholds the traditions in Thule, he defends the old customs of his tribe.

"Things are not like they used to be, Pita," he told me. "When we were young and strong we chased the bear, the seal, and the walrus ourselves. We got meat where we wanted it. Today," he snorted, "today the meat is sold for money! I have money enough. The King gives me more than I need, but I shall never stoop to buying my meat. I shall never pay my friends to feed my dogs.

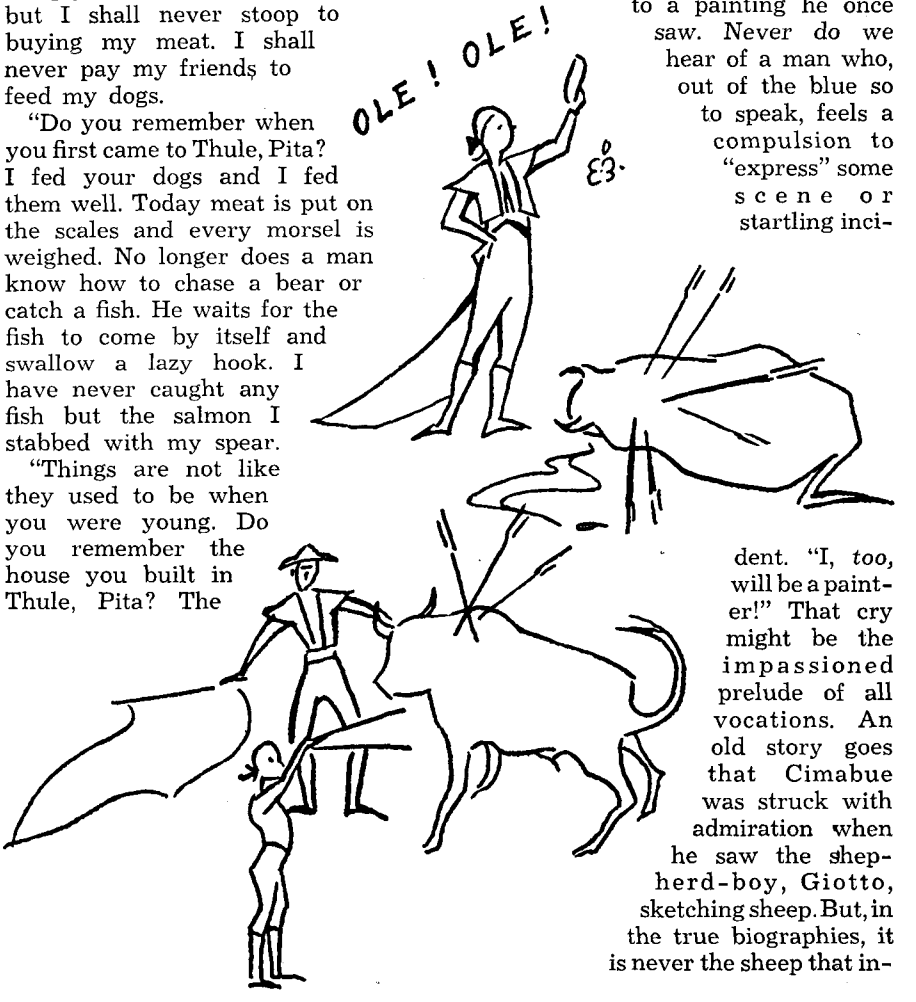
"Do you remember when you first came to Thule, Pita? I fed your dogs and I fed them well. Today meat is put on the scales and every morsel is weighed. No longer does a man know how to chase a bear or catch a fish. He waits for the fish to come by itself and swallow a lazy hook. I have never caught any fish but the salmon I stabbed with my spear.

"Things are not like they used to be when you were young. Do you remember the house you built in Thule, Pita? The first house ever built here. Today there is a city of white men and the noise they make has chased away all living things. No longer does the ice bear cross to Melville Bay, seals and walrus have left for happier hunting grounds, and the wild geese are gone. Life seems a heavier burden than death to me today, Pita. And death cannot be far away when our land is like it is today and when my friends take money for meat."

—From "Vagrant Viking: My Life and Adventures," by Peter Freuchen (to be published by Julian Messner).

The Artist's Eye

ONE of the reasons why the artist's way of seeing differs so greatly from that of the ordinary man is that it has been conditioned, from the start, by the paintings and statues he has seen; by the world of art. It is a revealing fact that, when explaining how his vocation came to him, every great artist traces it back to the emotion he experienced at his contact with some specific work of art: a writer to the reading of a poem or a novel (or perhaps a visit to the theatre); a musician to a concert he attended; a painter to a painting he once saw. Never do we hear of a man who, out of the blue so to speak, feels a compulsion to "express" some scene or startling incident. "I, *too*, will be a painter!" That cry might be the impassioned prelude of all vocations. An old story goes that Cimabue was struck with admiration when he saw the shepherd-boy, Giotto, sketching sheep. But, in the true biographies, it is never the sheep that in-



—By Marcelina, from "The Aztec Two-Step" (Greenberg).

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ing; but, rather, his first sight of the paintings of a man like Cimabue. What makes the artist is that in his youth he was more deeply moved by his visual experience of works of art than by that of the things they represent—and perhaps of Nature as a whole.

No painter has ever progressed directly from his drawings as a child to the work of his maturity. Artists do not stem from their childhood, but from their conflict with the achievements of their predecessors; not from their own formless world, but from their struggle with the forms which others have imposed on life. In their youth Michelangelo, El Greco, and Rembrandt imitated; so did Raphael, Velazquez, and Goya; Delacroix, Manet, and Cézanne—the list is endless. Whenever we have records enabling us to trace the origins of a painter's, a sculptor's, any artist's vocation, we trace it not to a sudden vision or uprush of emotion (sudden-ly given form), but to the vision, the passionate emotion, or the serenity, of another artist. During periods when all previous works are disdained. genius languishes; no man can build on the void, and a civilization that breaks with the style at its disposal soon finds itself empty-handed. It was only by transforming Apollo's face, stage by stage, that Buddhism, though strong enough to transform the whole life of Asia, found a suitable face for its Founder. For, however vital the truth he wishes to enounce, an artist, if he has but this at his command, finds himself speechless.

—From "The Voices of Art," by André Malraux (to be published by Doubleday).

London Charivaria

THE Polish Communist regime have invented the word *Spychalszczyzna* to describe nationalist deviation in the Polish Army. Judges must take extra care when they pronounce sentence in such cases.

THE CHURCH SPEAKS OUT

"Do You Know What Hell Is? Come and Hear Our New Organist."

—Notice outside a Toronto church.

Fishermen report seeing blue-nosed sharks off the south coast. This bears out the general opinion that it is too early yet for bathing.

OLD AMERICAN CUSTOM

"Wrightsville was snoozing in the August sun. A few people drifted along under the elms on State Street. Two policemen were wiping their necks on the steps of the County Court House."

—From a detective novel.

Among the articles which Germany would like to export to this country, we read, are collar-studs. This looks like another plot to bring Britain to its knees.

SQUISH!

"Britain Stands Firm on Palestine Dates."

—The Scotsman.

An American dietician is exciting comment by experimenting with various types of music during meals as an aid to digestion. Jealous rivals accuse him of playing to the calory.

PIMPERNEL FOX

"They dared invade forbidden zones . . . in search of the man of mystery . . . kidnapped by fanatic underground killers! Released by 20 Century-Fox."

—Advt. in South African paper.

"Americans Think British-made Cycles Are Tops."

—Southern Daily Echo.

Back to the drawing-board, chaps.

FASHION NOTE

"Thursday, August 21st. 3 days
Here Comes the Groom (U)
With interesting shorts."

—Midhurst cinema programme.

—From "The Best Humor from Punch," edited by William Cole (World).

The Recurring Dream

By Martha Banning Thomas

THOSE ancient, desolate houses
Standing in a gray row between two streams!

Their dusky corridors,
Unlit and vast, the hull-bent beams
For hollow ceilings; giddy stairs
Twisting to nothing
But whirling heights of midnight airs—

The doorless walls to wander through,
Coming each time, amazed,
Upon those two
Old, white-haired cronies hovering over chess
Lost in a silent thicket
Of thoughtfulness—

A fat white candle guttering
Down to its swimming wax,
The flame-spear fluttering
As I pass, unnoticed . . . to dizzy balconies
Above neglected gardens, lit with silver
On a moonless night.
The level ease
Of drifting close above the leafy fountains
Of tall trees
Drenched in fathoms of unstirred shade;

The chill of lonely mysteries
Half-glimpsed, then lost;
The gleam of broken chain-links buried in the middle
Of thin, dissolving thought . . .
Myself, unrecognized by me,
a dreaming riddle.

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SR's Critic Poll for Fall

The Nation's Reviewers Vote

BETWEEN the turning of the leaves and the trimming of the tree each year, the gentlemen who publish books traditionally unwrap their most alluring offerings. This fall has been no exception, as the 130 new books described on this and the following pages make abundantly clear.

The listing is the result of *SR*'s fifth annual autumn invitation to the editors and critics of the nation's leading newspapers to nominate ten new books they consider worthy of the attention of discriminating readers.

Of the 130 titles named by the twenty-seven critics participating in the poll, fifty-one are works of fiction, seventy-nine books of general interest. Only nine works were nominated by more than five critics:

"The Adventures of Augie March," by Saul Bellow, eleven votes.
"The Renaissance," by Will Durant, nine votes.
"The Spirit of St. Louis," by Charles A. Lindbergh, nine votes.
"Lélia," by André Maurois, eight votes.
"Too Late the Phalarope," by Alan Paton, eight votes.
"The Marmot Drive," by John Hersey, seven votes.
"The Voices of Silence," by André Malraux, seven votes.
"The Age of the Moguls," by Stewart H. Holbrook, six votes.
"The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes," six votes.

In the hope that you will find the critics' recommendations useful as a guide to your reading this autumn, we publish the complete list of their recommendations below. The descriptions after the titles are the work of Whitney Balliett, who compiles *SR*'s JUST PUBLISHED list each week. The names in brackets are those of the critics making the nominations.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

General

NINE VOTES

THE RENAISSANCE. *By Will Durant. Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.
The fifth volume in Dr. Durant's story of civilization. This one covers every cranny of the Italian Renaissance from the odes of Petrarch to the flickering curlicues on Cellini's cast bowl. (Barkham, Bond, Cross, Flowers, Herzberg, Jackson, Little, O'Neill, Snadjr.)

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS. *By Charles A. Lindbergh. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $5.
The autobiography of the Prince of the Twenties. The book, fifteen years in the writing, covers his youth and ends with his historic flight in 1927. (Babcock, Derrickson, Herzberg, Hormel, Jackson, Rothermel, Sherman, Shockley, Smith.)

EIGHT VOTES

LELIA. *By André Maurois. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Harper & Bros.* $5.
A biography of Aurore Dupin, better known as George Sand, who was, in addition to being a considerable Romantic novelist, a feminist, a dabbler in politics, a sociologist, and the confidante of Chopin, de Musset, Liszt, and Balzac. (Bond, Dolbier, Flowers, Little, Rothermel, Shockley, Snajdr, Tinkle.)

SEVEN VOTES

THE VOICES OF SILENCE. *By André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. Doubleday & Co.* $25.
Malraux's now classic three-volume "Psychology of Art" in one volume, completely rearranged, and with additions, now one-third longer. This 'inquiry into the structure and meaning of all the world's art" is illustrated with fifteen illustrations in full color and 450 in black and white. (Babcock, Barkham, Dolbier, Hormel, Sherman, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

SIX VOTES

THE AGE OF THE MOGULS. *By Stewart H. Holbrook. Doubleday & Co.* $4.
A collection of over fifty portraits of the titans who set America up in business, including such as Vanderbilt, Ford, Swift, Schwab, Carnegie, Du Pont, Morgan, Hearst, and so forth. The first volume in the Mainstream of America Series. (Cross, Hormel, Little, O'Neill, Sherman, Shockley.)

THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD L. ICKES: *The First Thousand Days, 1933-1936. With an introduction by Jane Ickes. Simon & Schuster.* $6.
This first volume of the Old Curmudgeon's frank, exuberant, and prejudiced diary of the New Deal—and, indeed, the whole United States—covers the first three years of FDR's Administration. (Cross, Dolbier, Herzberg, Jackson, Little, Sherman.)

FIVE VOTES

KATHERINE MANSFIELD. *By Antony Alpers. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
The first full-length critical biography of Katherine Mansfield. Mr. Alpers takes us from New Zealand to London, where K.M. ran into a bad marriage and an abortion, and finally the relatively halcyon days when her stories were quickening the world, and she had burly Middleton Murry for a husband and bulwark. (Douglas, Rogers, Sherman, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

REBELS AND ANCESTORS. *By Maxwell Geismar. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $4.50.
The third volume, with more to come, of the author's history of modern American fiction. Mr. Geismar, a heavily armed critic, operates here on Norris, Stephen Crane, Jack London, Ellen Glasgow, and Theodore Dreiser. (Barkham, Rogers, Smith, Snadjr, Yeiser.)

FOUR VOTES

FIRE IN THE ASHES: *Europe in Mid-Century. By Theodore H. White. William Sloane Assoc.* $5.
A report on contemporary Europe by a political journalist, who is a frequent contributor to *The Reporter* and *The New York Times Magazine*. (Bond, Derrickson, Jackson, Kogan.)

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE. *By Belle Case La Follette and Fola La Follette. Macmillan Co.* $15.
An exhaustive two-volume biography, fifteen years in preparation, which was begun by the great Midwestern progressive's widow and finished by his daughter. (Babcock, Kogan, Paulus, Wyllie.)

STANTON: *Lincoln's Secretary of War. By Fletcher Pratt. W. W. Norton & Co.* $5.95.
A biography of the ebullient Edward Stanton, who, besides being Lincoln's Secretary of War, was often one of the principal causes for his headaches. (Cady, Hass, Sherman, Wyllie.)

TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY. *By Winston Churchill. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $6.
The sixth and final volume of Mr. Churchill's monumental history of the Second World War and the years leading up to it. (Barkham, Cross, Derrickson, Sherman.)

UNTIL VICTORY: *Horace Mann and Mary Peabody. By Louise Hall Tharp. Little, Brown & Co.* $5.
A double-barrelled biography of one of America's great educators and his wife, who was one of the famed Peabody sisters of Salem, by the author of the equally famed "The Peabody Sisters of Salem." (Bond, Douglas, Herzberg, O'Neill.)

THREE VOTES

CONVERSATION WITH THE EARTH. *By Hans Cloos. Translated by E.B. Garside. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.75.
A kind of geological autobiography, in which the author tells of his geological findings in America, Scandinavia, Africa, and the Dutch East Indies, and of his personal life, all of which cover the years from 1910 to 1936. (Hormel, Sherman, Smith.)

FABULOUS CHICAGO. *By Emmett Dedmon. Random House.* $5.
A chronicle of the Second City from its days as an Indian village in the 1830's to the present. The author is an editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. (Babcock, Bradley, Kogan.)

QUACKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. *By Albert Lynd. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.50.
A cheerful attack on the progressive, pragmatic methods of teaching that have been installed in many of our secondary schools, by a businessman, educator, and teacher. (Cady, Little, Smith.)

TOLSTOY: *A Life of My Father. By Alexandra Tolstoy. Harper & Bros.* $5.
A biography, by his youngest daughter, of the declining years of the great Russian novelist. (Hass, Hormel, O'Neill.)

TWO VOTES

THE BIG PICTURE. *By David Cort. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.50.
Man's position in the modern world discussed in an original and highly personal fashion by one of the first editors of *Life*. (Barkham, Herzberg.)

BOSWELL ON THE GRAND TOUR: *Germany and Switzerland, 1764. Edited by Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $5.
The third volume of the Boswell Papers. Professor Pottle has here edited Boswell's journal covering a tour of Germany and Switzerland, undertaken at Papa's expense, in 1764. Included are awed audiences with Voltaire and Rousseau. (Herzberg, Sherman.)

BY LAND AND BY SEA. *By Samuel Eliot Morison. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
A random collection of essays and ad-

(*Continued on page* 48)

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The Saturday Review

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The Virtue of Being a Small Country

MANY OF THE half million or more Americans who have toured Europe this summer have returned with the kind of mental indigestion that results from trying to absorb too much in too short a time. As they look back on the towns and cities they have visited, the postcards and photographs they have brought back with them, the sharpness of their first impressions is dulled and whatever mild adventures they have had seem to have lost their savor. Indeed, their friends who have stayed at home are so obviously bored by their attempts to describe what happened on the night the car broke down in Italy, that wonderful cheap restaurant somewhere in Southern France, or the view of the Dolomites from Austria, that any further attempt to entertain or enlighten them comes to a painful halt. In less than two weeks their vacation is a hazy memory as difficult to remember in detail as the names or faces of those delightful people encountered on the steamer to New York.

Actually, even the most perceptive and intellectually curious travelers would fail to get the most out of an experience which carried them rapidly through several countries whose native language they may not understand. Now that it is too late this year to profit by this writer's experiences at the end of summer, his advice may not seem to be too officious to those who are contemplating crossing the Atlantic next year.

Small countries have many virtues and especially if they are surrounded by the sea. The trip to an island should be leisurely and brief, no more than three or four weeks, lest the traveler's first impressions become too commonplace to be recalled. The people one meets should be guaranteed to be friendly to Americans, and above all talkative. In many ways Great Britain suits this ideal journey. It is, to an American at least, small in area, but it presents certain difficulties. For its area it has a vast population; it is highly conscious of the rest of the world, and it lies at the heart of world politics. The English are, as we well know, our cousins and our allies, but they know us perhaps too well, and a good deal of what they know of our opinions a large number of them do not like. If you discuss the international situation with a Frenchman in his bistro you are apt either to fail to understand what he is saying so vehemently or to dismiss his opinions as too biased to be credible. With an Englishman it becomes a personal matter, like arguing with your mother-in-law, and to complicate matters the English are also divided amongst themselves. If you are a complete stranger to them they do not welcome your friendly advances in the hotel lounge or a compartment on the train. They are not talkative, to put it mildly, even amongst themselves.

IRELAND, or rather Eire, is a different story. It is thrust out into the Atlantic and its Western coast, with its rivers and estuaries and precipitous headlands of limestone and granite, is warmed by the Gulf Stream. The air is moist and soft, and the land eternally green. Eire has the advantage of living in three dimensions of time at once, and none of them can become the subject for acrimony between an American and an Irishman. The average well-read native you meet is at heart an archeologist, for his island is well supplied with ruins that go back to what is known as pre-history. History in Eire begins about the time of St. Patrick's arrival in the third century, and the ancient round towers, remnants of castles, monasteries, abbeys, and churches attest to the perversity of invaders or rival and local kings long before Lord Essex and Cromwell tried to put an end to Irish obstinacy. Modern history begins and, sometimes one thinks ends, with the Revolution.

The Irish are born conversationalists, and their liking for Americans is at once obvious and delightful, whether it is an old lady coming out of her thatched-roofed cottage door or the man in the dark little pub who might have stepped out of one of Synge's plays for a drink of ale or whisky. You can get along splendidly in Eire unless you believe that Ulster should remain attached to the Crown. It is a country you can walk in with pleasure in a dozen or more counties. It is a land designed by nature to produce wits, saints, poets, writers, and orators. But its greatest asset for the American visitor wearied with politics and the constant necessity of having to fear and hate nations living on the other side of the earth is its obliviousness to what may be called the world dilemma. It lies, as all small countries should, outside of the areas of storm, existing for itself, and in a great measure by itself. It is the island of peace and contemplation, a pastoral land where man and the beasts of the field and the donkeys and horses and the dogs lying on the top of stone walls have found a way of living in harmony with one another. Try it next year for a month and see what happens to you. —H. S.

In Days of Confusion

By Marion Canby

NOW take your chosen way—
This is no time to stay—
Stick to it, come what may.
Woe be to you
If you have chosen error;
Past the shadow of a doubt
The truth will find you out
And strike you down in terror.
But if you give firm heed
To the nature of the deed,
The inward, crying need,
What you esteem comes true.
When you see the light shine through
This is the time to do.

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A MIGHTY FINE LODE

LUCIUS BEEBE'S KIND REVIEW of my Cripple Creek history, "Money Mountain" [*SR* Aug. 22], made me very happy and it is with utmost cordiality that I refute his statement: "The Comstock produced just double the wealth with which Mr. Sprague credits it."

I put the Comstock's total gold-silver production at $380,000,000, as taken from "Gold Deposits of the World," by William Harvey Emmons, an authority of terrifying dimensions. Lucius Beebe puts it at $760,000,000. The Nevada State Guide puts it at $405,000,000. "A History of American Mining" by T. A. Rickard, a mine examiner as celebrated as John Hays Hammond himself, puts the figure at $350,000,000.

I reported that Cripple's total gold production (not including stolen ore) was $412,000,000. In apparent reaction to these figures, Mr. Beebe suggests that "local patriotism" for Cripple "inclined" me to "estimate Cripple Creek's importance at the expense of other bonanzas." Look who's talking! If ever the Comstock had a local patriot it is Lucius Beebe, who for these many months has been filling his *Territorial Enterprise* with the most delicious fantasies about Virginia City affairs past and present.

As for me, I just feel that Cripple is historically the greatest precious metal camp on earth outside of the South African Rand. The Comstock was a whiz but I grade it down because of the damage its promoters did to the silver industry by exaggerating its capacity in the Seventies much more (and with far less exuberant charm) than Mr. Beebe exaggerates today.

MARSHALL SPRAGUE.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

'HOW MUCH BLUE?"

MAY I CALL to your attention a printer's error in my poem "How Much Blue?" [*SR* June 13].

It was agreed to cut the last quatrain, ending the poem with the line "Ultramarine on cobalt with no bird to see." Instead an extra line and a quarter were added and left hanging with no rhyme or technical connection with the preceding lines.

AMY BONNER.

New York, N. Y.

ILLITERACY?

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY'S ARTICLE ["The Consolations of Illiteracy," *SR* Aug. 1] was an exceptionally interesting write-up—refreshing, penetrating, and appreciative in its approach to many of the great names in literature. However, this reader was slightly amused at the ironical "illiteracy" in her title. Anyone capable of reading and appreciating Mencken, Shaw, Keats, Kipling, Eliot, Twain, Montaigne, Coleridge, James, a few of the authors mentioned in her brief resumé, can hardly be considered illiterate or uneducated.

Of course, Phyllis McGinley may not agree with me that all writing is worthless if it does not in some way better life—or is life's betterment for all of no concern to an "uneducated" person? It may be that her "completely friendly" approach to these literary greats, free of "prejudice," has other than lackadaisical humor as its purpose—at least, we hope.

HENRY D. WITKOWSKI.

S. Milwaukee, Wis.

DEFENSE

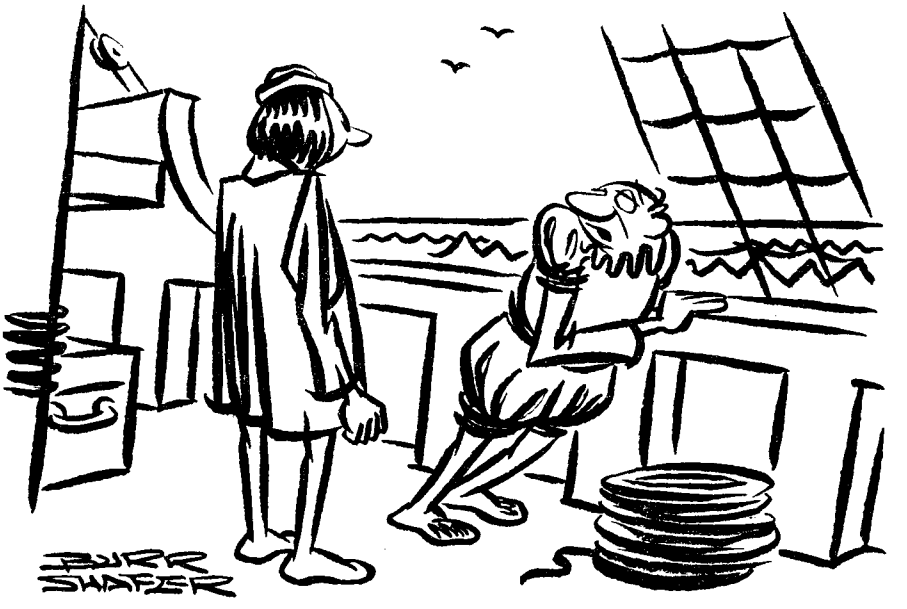
MISS MCGINLEY sings not the anthem of the uneducated or the illiterate, but the song of the "late developer." She has made gray hair synonymous with maturity.

Although it is sometimes quite true that formalizing the study of literature has had a negative effect on students, still the implication, universal, that a classroom and a teacher will make the good, bad, the savory, unpalatable, is as unfair as saying that the young cannot appreciate "Huckleberry Finn." That the young cannot "realize the wry bouquet" or, rather, cannot verbalize the realization may be true, on the other hand I doubt that the "gray" can fully appreciate the robust adventure.

It is a pity that the author did not enjoy better schooling. It is a greater pity that she generalizes from her sad experience. No one of maturity need ever be a faddist—nor need he ever accept the *ex cathedra* judgments of a teacher, whose sole job is simply to introduce the student to the broad boundaries of the new world, but not to say which land is brighter.

ROBERT L. MILLER.

Chicago, Ill.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's just the way this one rolls. I'm sure I'd be perfectly all right on the *Nina* or the *Pinta*."

PERFECT PRINCIPLE

"SEEING THINGS IN DOUBLE FOCUS" by Charles Frankel [*SR* Sept. 5], so really complicated and frustrating, calls forth the wonder — Why make religion so complex? It is such a simple experience if one will start living the principles so clearly laid down in the Sermon on the Mount.

We recognize and accept mathematics as having a perfect principle, exact and exacting. We start with addition to explore the subject until Einstein, for example, finds himself in infinity. We never condemn or disbelieve in this perfect principle because of our failure to attain.

We acknowledge perfect music as a settled fact and we start discovering its secrets by running the scales. If we turn on the radio and a symphony is in progress, we detect instantly whether a master or a tyro has the baton. We never doubt the existence of the principle of music; we never blame the principle for our failure or unwillingness to pursue its study devotedly to its very evident conclusion.

What is there so different or surprising that life has a perfect principle with perfect laws, exact and exacting? And is it too surprising that in this human experience we start toward a perfect goal by living up to the very highest concept of right and progress that we can conceive?

MRS. EDWARD HARTLY WILLARD.

Portland, Ore.

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Manhood on the Seven Hills

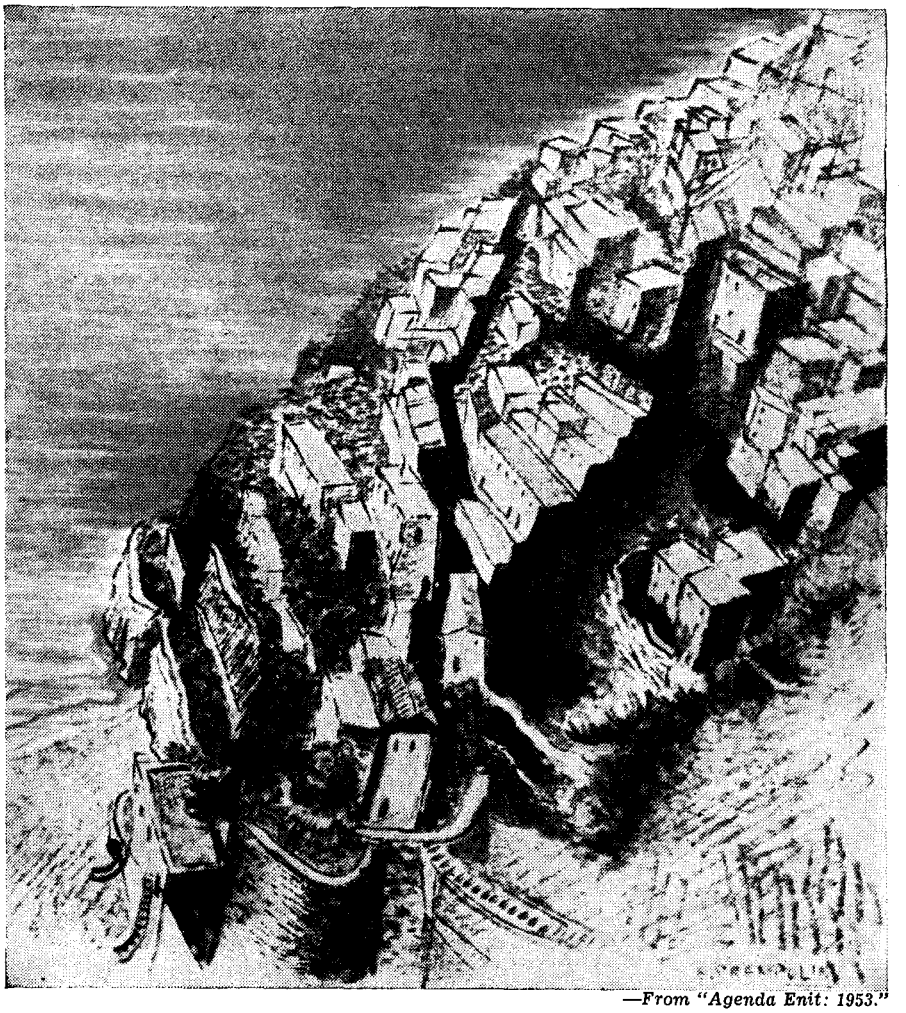
"Rogue Wind," by Ugo Moretti *(translated by Guiseppina T. Salvadori and Bernice L. Lewis. Prentice-Hall. 217 pp. $2.95), another product of the present-day Italian literary renaissance, tells of a poor Italian youth obsessed by a chaste and unattainable ideal.*

By Thomas G. Bergin

THERE is, in the field of Italian letters today, a vigorous group of young writers pressing along eagerly to consolidate, as it were, the beachheads already won by the first wave of their somewhat older compatriots, such as Vittorini, Moravia, or Pratolini. These youngsters, still in their twenties and thirties, have been able to profit by the example of their predecessors and have digested, sometimes only partially, the nourishing foreign fare that has been imported into Italy from America, France, and in a few cases Germany. They have also all had, of course, a similar background of war, hardship, and frustration and have all been witnesses of the seamy aspects of a national life in disintegration. Yet each of them, within the limits of this general pattern, has had his individual experiences, and among them there is a great variety of temperament and talent. Some are already known to the American public; Dante Arfelli, for example, has already had two books brought out in English versions and Goffredo Parise's "Dead Boy and the Comets" is to appear shortly.

Ugo Moretti's "Rogue Wind" draws on the same background that Arfelli and Parise deal with, but he has his own style and his own authentic personality. His hero Vente ("Wind") is a bastard and the son of a prostitute, but these social handicaps do not seem to affect the basic optimism of his character. He lives on the fringes of Roman society, sometimes employed, sometimes jobless, always on the edge of penury. He becomes interested in painting and seems to have some talent. Then the war comes and he serves in the army, later becoming a partisan. Throughout all his vicissitudes he never wavers in his devotion to Claudia, a very proper young lady of the bourgeoisie. His attitude toward her is ambivalent. He idealizes her as a symbol of the chastely unattainable, he longs for her with a perverse desire to possess her and to make her conform to his own standards; but whether his feeling is one of dedication or irritation, it remains faithfully fixed on the glamorous Claudia. This obsession is the theme that binds together a story which otherwise might have disintegrated into a series of picaresque episodes.

The book has its faults, as all first novels must. There is too much action, there are too many figures for the size of the canvas. Here and there an excessive sentimentality appears and the ending is contrived and unconvincing. Yet the book's virtues, I think, outweigh its faults. Unlike most of his contemporaries and, indeed, unlike some of the older novelists of greater repute, Moretti does know how to tell a story and to keep his narrative moving along. Claudia, to be sure, may be regarded as a symbol, but symbolism in this book is not allowed to get out of hand. The tale is primarily one of fast-moving action, briskly and effectively described. The characterization, while not especially subtle, is sufficiently well handled to make us accept Vente's rather odd menagerie of friends as not only credible but appealing. The dialogue is crisp and, if here and there we detect an echo of Hemingway, it need not alarm us since the Hemingway technique is in fact well suited to the protagonist and the milieu of the tale. The jacket informs us that the novel in the original won the Viareggio Prize in 1949, which, as any Italian man of letters will tell you, may not necessarily mean much; but in this case the recipient need not feel apologetic about the honor.



—From "Agenda Enit: 1953."

"Positano," by Enrico Prampolini.

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Esthetics of Lust

Ivy Compton-Burnett's "The Present and the Past" *(Julian Messner. 224 pp. $3.50), the tragic comedy of a man who tries to be lovable but can't, is an agreeable way to discover the art of one of Britain's most knowledgeable and searching novelists.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

EVERYONE intelligent — anyhow those intelligent who have read her—delights in Ivy Compton-Burnett. This proves, perhaps, that esthetic pleasure is not incompatible with the absorption of disconcerting insights, for Miss Compton-Burnett, through a style that suggests Greek tragedy in the formal perfection of its arrangement and Restoration drama in the invariable variety of its wit, is the most relentless explorer of truths no one wants to admit about himself in modern fiction.

Her obsession (all great writers have them) is that all of us should and don't face the truth about ourselves since we prefer to live with fantasies about our own emotional maturity and our own indisputable intelligence. This obsession has conditioned her books ever since "Pastors and Masters" (1925) scarcely impressed an audience. Her obsession provides her with an inexhaustible variety of themes and her very great intelligence has enabled her to develop her peculiar insight in a way few of her contemporaries have. Her most recent novels—"Two Worlds and Their Ways," "Darkness and Day," particularly "The Present and the Past"—are superior to the excellent novels that preceded them. Her altogether original and (at first) difficult method she controls with a perfection one searches vainly for among other novelists writing in English. Nor are there many who can match the gentle severity with which she sees through and pities our public and private delusions about our amiability and intelligence.

To read Miss Compton-Burnett properly one must have all his faculties about him. You get her or miss her entirely. Her novels always start with a snatch of dialogue that is more than realistic because her characters say what they wouldn't say as well as what they would. Except for a brief and morally revealing description of each character when he first appears and occasional bits about how the character talks, the action progresses entirely through the dialogue. Like the themes of Greek tragedy, those

Nadine Gordimer—"marv

Miss Compton-Burnett explores exhaustively without exhausting us are unusual and even shocking: the naturalness of incest, matricide, adultery, cruelty, suicide. But (again like the Greek dramatists) she uses the abnormal to reveal the normal, and the happy combination of comedy and tragedy by which she does so seems the inevitable method for doing what she wills.

"The Present and the Past" reveals the truth about Cassius Clare, his father, his two wives, his five children, his servants, and the sister and brother of his first wife. The theme—the tragic comedy of a man who tries to love and be lovable and can't—is explored tirelessly by the victim himself, by his charming, cruel, witty children (who nevertheless try to be kind to the destined nature he can not change), by the perceptive and clever servants, by the two wives who become good friends because of their common contempt for and pity of Cassius.

The characters who are like us but more interesting are the thing. Before you are finished you sympathize with the befuddled Cassius yet understand why the best of intentions cannot lead the others to more than tolerance even when he is dying. Here, as in all her other novels, Miss Compton-Burnett's disturbing insight is communicated with an economy that requires the attention one has to give to the best of modern poetry. Since few of us like to concentrate or to face the truth about ourselves, "The Present and the Past" may be misread or misrepresented. But that is a natural consequence of the human condition Miss Compton-Burnett understands and sympathizes with. No contemporary novelist writes better or tells us more gently what we should want to know and prefer to ignore.

When Africa Sighs

"The Lying Days," by Nadine Gordimer *(Simon & Schuster. 340 pp. $3.95), is the story of a sensitive young girl's coming of age in South Africa.*

By Nathan Rothman

THOMAS WOLFE'S wonderful subtitle for "Of Time and the River": "A Legend of Man's Hunger in his Youth," comes often to mind as a reviewer turns to a romantic, talented first novel of a writer's youth, such as Nadine Gordimer's "The Lying Days." It is what so many good first novels have always been about, this seeking backward towards past experience. It is the first meat upon which writers feed, and only the thoughtless will complain of its recurrent materials: first friend, first love, first bitterness, school, sex, the discovery of the world.

But let us not forget the irreducible minimum which is necessary if the novel is not to sink to a level of sameness with all the other talented and perceptive novels about the discovery of life. The accent ought to fall upon the life, rather than the discovery. Given all the marvelous processes of sensitiveness and perception at the command of a writer like Miss Gordimer, it is still to be demanded of her that she spend her powers upon what is perceived, and leave the perceiver to us. In her novel of South Africa, where Miss Gordimer has spent much of her life, we have far too little of South Africa and far too much of the coming-of-age of an adolescent, which might have happened anywhere. This is my chief quarrel with her book, which is, as I have indicated, unquestionably well written, emotional and sensitive in feeling.

Her Helen Shaw is a girl who has lived the sheltered life of a young white girl in South Africa for the first seventeen years of her life. Her father is superintendent of a gold mine at Atherton, and Helen lives within the accepted pattern of social relationships, carefully walled away from the blacks. It is when she goes off to study at the University of Johannesburg that she first discovers there are other lives, other dimensions of thinking. She makes friends with Joel Aaron, a Jew, and Mary Seswayo, an African girl, both students in her classes. Her parents' revulsion to both of these associations places Helen in a position of having to make decisions of her own. When she asks Mary, the African girl, to come home with her for a short stay, and Helen's mother exclaims in horror, "What about the

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dishes she would have to use, and the water . ." Helen comes out of her shock with the knowledge that she must leave home.

Such are the beginnings of education, and the rest is a furthering of the process, mainly a deepening of sex experience. An affair with a fascinating and worldly man wears off and breaks at last, ending the book upon a note of further search as Helen puts Africa behind her and escapes to Europe. She is leaving Africa, as it happens, just as the tension is rising, as the Malan Government is establishing its policy of *apartheid* and pushing the black people further and further behind walls.

Yet this, which might have appeared as an apocalyptic surge in the book and in her own history, is noted as a melancholy footnote to Helen's disappointment in love, her world-weariness. Her eye is still turned inward; not all of her discoveries about sex and love and social distinctions have served to draw her out into the world and to make her feel *it* as the primary source of her life, rather than her reactions, her moods, her urges, her disappointments. Helen retains the immature personality of the bright child, not profound and not impressive. We lack the growth to maturity, and we lack also the mature vision of her African home, which has been the scene of a number of recent, illuminating novels, particularly those by Alan Paton.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 537

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 537 will be found in the next issue.

XADQ BSDDNR MVLQDE

BSDDNR, YADQ XHR H

YZB VC XHS. —

QHYAHQLDO ODD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 536

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket. —JOHN DENNIS.

Poor Sinner in a Labyrinth

"A Law for the Lion," by Louis Auchincloss *(Houghton Mifflin. 279 pp. $3), records the ordeal of Eloise Dilworth, proper New Yorker, in obtaining a divorce in a society hedged in by "respectability" and hypocrisy.*

By Sarah Henderson Hay

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS'S new book, "A Law for the Lion," is a sensitive and searching novel about ethics and morality, as practised in the segment of society with which he has dealt in his previous work—that little world of established wealth and position, the ultra-respectable reactionaries, the "Proper New Yorkers" and frequenters of the proper Long Island summer retreats. As in his earlier novel, "Sybil," Mr. Auchincloss reveals the cynicism behind the respectability, the hypocrisy beneath the rectitude, the stuffy provincialism which observes convention for convention's sake. And again as in "Sybil," he chooses for his protagonist a woman reared in such an environment and who feels herself a misfit; a guileless, truthful, serious woman burdened by a sense of inadequacy and confused by an inability to believe in the conventions which, like an obedient child, she has for a long while outwardly observed because she lacked the self-confidence to question or oppose them. She finally rebels and brings that world crashing about her head, but in the process she establishes the dignity and integrity of her own personality, and finds a strength she never knew she possessed.

"A Law for the Lion" explores the matter of ultimate morality; its climax and its resolution hinge on adultery and divorce. In it Mr. Auchincloss strikes some telling blows for the cause of a uniform divorce law, and against the accepted perjury of a Nevada "residence." And subtly, but no less relentlessly, he exposes those who while professing the highest moral principles are really guided by the most venal and materialistic expediency.

The focal point on which these issues are brought to bear is the case of Eloise Dilworth, whom the law judges unfit to rear her children because she has upon one occasion been unfaithful to her marriage vows, and who will not testify in her own defense as to the emotional emptiness of her thirteen years of wedlock, nor state unequivocably that she believes the ultimate rightness or wrongness of any individual's conduct can always be decided by an inflexible code.

Mr. Auchincloss presents the attitudes of the various characters who make up the novel's cast: George Dilworth, the self-righteous husband who has placed material success above all other considerations; Eloise's Uncle Gerald, head of the Wall Street law firm in which George is a partner, who is distressed not so much by the pillorying of his niece as by George's poor taste in involving the firm in the sordid publicity of a New York divorce brought upon the state's only grounds for such action; Eloise's worldly, expatriate mother, who simply considers her daughter's conduct appallingly indiscreet; George's old friend and counsel at the trial, who with malice born of a latent homosexual jealousy of George's wife traps the witness into incriminating herself by her conscientious desire to be completely truthful. There is Eloise's stepdaughter, Hilda, a pathetic little prude nourished on Dilworth precepts, and the young lawyer who takes Eloise's case. And finally the young writer, Carl Landik, with whom the guileless Eloise has maintained a platonic and innocent relationship until her one desperate and catastrophic attempt to break out of the mist in which she has felt herself lost.

"A Law for the Lion" is a compassionate, honest, and very moving story, but I think that, in the earnestness of his conviction, Mr. Auchincloss has sacrificed something of the leisurely elegance and urbanity of style which lightened but did not detract from the seriousness of his earlier work.

There are somewhat fewer of the witty, mischievous, devastating excursions into the general landscape of the Old Guard, less of that deft satirizing of upper-upper-class Society which he can so neatly and skilfully evaluate. There are so few contemporary writers who can afford, as Mr. Auchincloss can, to use two words instead of one and still not be verbose. I wish he had allowed himself more indirection to make his direction plain.

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Dig That Empress

Paul I. Wellman's "The Female" *(Doubleday. 492 pp. $3.75), is another historical novel about the fabulous Theodora, who started out as a courtesan and ended up as Empress regnant of the Roman Empire.*

By Edmund Fuller

THE EMPRESS Theodora is a natural lure for the historical novelist at almost any level of that craft. The things that can be said to be *known* about her, the further things alleged about her which if not all proved are not all disproved, either, provide an already fantastic framework for the fiction writer to build upon. Here we have a woman, daughter of a keeper of the bear pits at the Hippodrome, in her girlhood unquestionably an entertainer and courtesan, and probably a cheaper harlot in her earliest, poverty-ridden years. This woman becomes wife to Justinian I (527-565 A.D.) and Empress regnant of the Roman Empire, learned and subtle in the theological disputes that wracked her world, conceded by standard historians to have had a firmness of character that preserved her own and her husband's throne in a time of crisis.

With such story material, against the background of a dissolute age, Paul I. Wellman has gone hog-wild and has rooted up just about everything in its possibilities. I think, with this early stroke, he has carried off the bare-flesh prize for the season. You will find acres and acres of it in "The Female." This is not to be confused with another current book, also having the word "female" in its title and also preoccupied with sexual behavior.

Still, Mr. Wellman is a writer of some skill and repute. He has written better books than this one, and even though I find "The Female" overloaded with a standard brand of minor erotic writing, there is embedded within it an interesting narrative and an ingenious work of historical reconstruction.

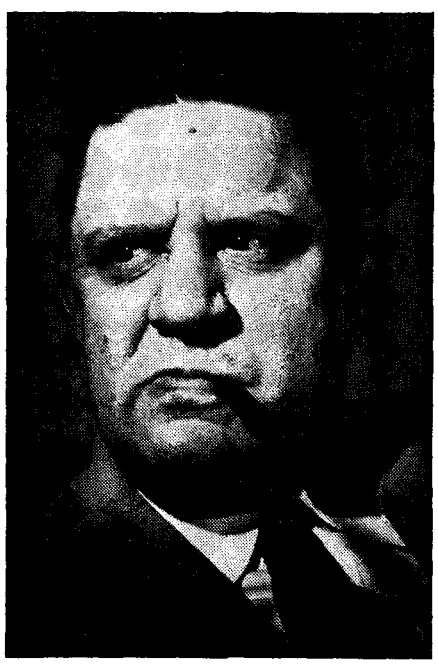
Mr. Wellman has not done any violence to the larger historical framework. The conjectural details with which any study of Theodora must be filled out, and the selection of materials from the store of legend and tradition about her are reasonable. He has used, as everybody must, the secret "Anecdota" of the historian Procopius, who loathed Theodora and probably slandered her. But the formal record indicates that there must have been some fire for Procopius's smoke. Whatever he may have taken from Procopius Mr. Wellman has converted to Theodora's side, for he is her partisan.

Some measure of the present book can be taken by comparing it with two other reasonably similar ones, which overlap its material. The first of these is Robert Graves's "Count Belisarius" (1938). The other, published last year, is not called a novel, though it is in that borderline realm sometimes labeled fictionized biography: "Theodora and the Emperor," by Harold Lamb. Frankly, both of these are superior to "The Female," if the era of the reign of Justinian is of interest to you. They are not laden with the irrelevant and superficial guff from which the Wellman book suffers, yet both of them are just as skilful in terms of dramatic narrative.

Both Graves and Lamb give us the full span of Theodora's life and reign. Wellman ends his narrative with her triumphant handling of the famous Nika uprising, which almost destroyed Constantinople and nearly toppled a throne.

Wellman is at his best on the submerged life of the time, as projected through the mysterious brotherhood of beggars. Lamb is best of the three in his treatment of Justinian, who is a subject of great complexity in himself.

Chief agreement among the three is on the villainy but shrewdness of John of Cappadocia, least trustworthy of Justinian's high council, and on the simplicity and integrity of the soldier, Belisarius, in his way the last of the Romans.



Paul I. Wellman—"a natural lure."

Fiction Notes

WOLF KILLER: Twenty-six-year old Gene Caesar has written a first novel, **"Mark of the Hunter,"** (William Sloane Assoc., $3), about the scion of a family of Detroit industrialists. Using a wiry, economical prose, Mr. Caesar tells the story of Marty Jevons, ex-Marine, who, after serving on Guadalcanal, finds campus life at Ann Arbor tame and purposeless. Unwilling to submit to the strictures of the family business, he takes a job as hunting guide in Michigan's north woods. Here his passion for hunting becomes a compulsion. His pleasure in the act of killing wolves is "almost sexual"; the need to hunt is equated with his frustration and his total disgust with society. Jevons deliberately provokes barroom brawls and engages in restless promiscuity until he finds happiness with Pat Brodie. Once she is his he accepts society and conservative politics; at the same time he achieves release from his hunting compulsion. The rough-hewn symbolism of the implacable hunter is accurate, but the author has not set it, correctly proportioned, in a valid social context. Mr. Caesar tentatively implies—in a kind of pre-conscious hypothesis—a connection between sexual and social discontent. But when he ascribes the dynamics of social dissatisfaction and liberal strivings wholly to sexual motivation in disguise, he robs love and politics alike of their rightful share of will and reason. —NICHOLAS MONJO.

SENATORIAL INQUISITION: If you have tried, without success, to goad a placid friend into reading Alistair Cooke's "A Generation on Trial" or any of the other case histories, Ruth Chatterton's **"The Betrayers"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) may very well provide a pleasant opening wedge, because, above all, it is an exciting, highly entertaining novel. Although the dangers of subversives in our Government are not overlooked and the possibility of their continued presence is not blithely dismissed, it is the shabby motives and dubious accomplishments of the few rabble-rousing Senators that are so devastatingly exposed. Miss Chatterton has created the charming and diabolical Senator Glavis to represent them and, since they are almost impossible caricature, Glavis is recognizable if not believable in the novel.

The setting for "The Betrayers" is Washington, D.C., during the summer of 1952. A young and brilliant nuclear scientist, Mike Prescott, finds himself going through the usual ordeal

(*Continued on page* 57)

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Politicking in Acid

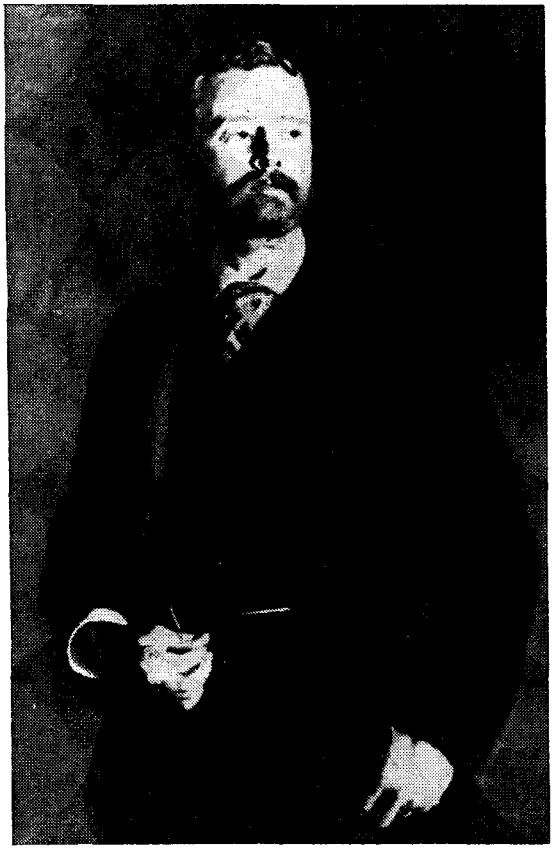
"Henry Cabot Lodge," by John A. Garraty *(Alfred A. Knopf. 431 pp. $6), a dispassionate biography of the chief architect of American isolationism after World War I, draws heavily on heretofore unavailable material. Professor George E. Mowry of the University of California at Los Angeles, who reviews it here, is the author of "Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Movement."*

By George E. Mowry

SINCE his death in 1924 Henry Cabot Lodge has been connected in the public memory almost totally with his defeat of the Treaties of Versailles and Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. A longtime member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and after 1918 its chairman, perhaps no man throughout the first quarter of the twentieth century had more of a sustained impact upon American foreign policy. Together with such as Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, and Elihu Root, Lodge was a sizable force in foreign policy during the McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations, when so many dominating principles of empire and foreign relations were revised. Lodge refused to become Taft's Secretary of State in 1909; he substantially broadened the scope of the Monroe Doctrine in the corollary that still bears his name; he was seriously mentioned for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1916, and four years later he was one of the tiny group of politicians who were responsible for the nomination of Warren G. Harding.

So bitterly personal was that struggle between Lodge and Wilson, so partisan the political relations between Republicans and Democrats, and so important the results for later events, that few biographers have approached the subject with any real degree of objectivity. A critical and balanced biography of Woodrow Wilson has still to be written, although Arthur Link's fine study of Wilson's earlier years gives a full promise for one in the future. The same could be said until recently for Henry Cabot Lodge. The biographies by Bishop William Lawrence and Charles S. Groves, appearing a year after Lodge's death, are both very brief and very partial. The one long biography published in 1944 by Karl Schriftgiesser is, on the other hand, written from the viewpoint of a liberal and an internationalist, and is very hostile. All three works, moreover, suffered from the unavailability of the Lodge manuscripts. Opened to scholars some years ago, and now unfortunately closed again, these manuscripts have been thoroughly used by John A. Garraty for his "Henry Cabot Lodge."

Professor Garraty's study probably will not be liked by either the rabid pro-Lodgeites or the more zealous Wilsonians—which is to say that it is an honest, scholarly attempt to get at the truth of an exceedingly complex man in an even more complex situation. One of the most interesting aspects of the chapters on the League fight are the long and valuable comments of Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., taking issue with the author about his grandfather. In one notable footnote continuing through two and one-half pages, Ambassador Lodge, at the request of Mr. Garraty, has set down a comparison between his grandfather's views on the organization of peace in 1918 and the current ideas on this subject as expressed mainly in the United Nations Charter. The resulting principles are very close. Yet this reviewer would like to point out, as Professor Garraty modestly has not, that the situations in 1918 and 1946 were not identical and that perhaps the more unified world of 1918 had a much better chance for a powerfully ordered world peace than did the chaotic and divided civilization of 1946.



The Sargent portrait of Henry Cabot Lodge.

TO DEVOTE so much space to the League issue is unfair to Professor Garraty's excellent book, for he has not neglected the other important aspects of Lodge's career. But here it would seem that Mr. Garraty has undervalued Lodge's importance to American foreign politics and overvalued Lodge the person. Henry Cabot Lodge was one of the best informed statesmen of his time, he was an excellent parliamentarian, and he brought to bear on foreign questions a mind that was at once razor sharp and devoid of much of the moral cant that was so typical of the age. If American foreign policy has been errant, as George F. Kennan suggests, because it has so often been directed toward impossible moral goals, that was not the fault of Henry Cabot Lodge.

Yet when all of this is said, Lodge never made the contributions he should have made, largely because of Lodge the person. He was opportunistic, selfish, jealous, condescending, supercilious, and could never resist calling his opponent's spade a dirty shovel. Small wonder that except for Roosevelt and Root, most of his colleagues of both parties disliked him, and many distrusted him. Mr. Garraty suggests most of these qualities, but he does not emphasize their important relationshp to Lodge's political career. Perhaps that would have been easier had the author used the wealth of manuscript material in the collections of Lodge's contemporaries. Like so many biographers, Mr. Garraty has relied almost entirely upon the manuscripts of his subject. And, as in the writing of diplomatic history from the archives of one country alone, this process gives a one-dimensional focus that often distorts the approach to truth.

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Stanley Baldwin with his wife and daughter "the tree blossomed."

The Old Master of Commons

***"Stanley Baldwin," by G. M. Young** (British Book Centre. 266 pp. $4.50), is an "authorized biography" of the British Prime Minister from 1933 to 1937. Here it is reviewed by Lindsay Rogers, professor of public law at Columbia.*

By Lindsay Rogers

"THEY HATE ME SO," wrote Stanley Baldwin in 1940 after the fall of France, and he stayed away from London because the police feared that his appearance there would cause a hostile demonstration. Yet three years before, at the coronation of George VI, the then Prime Minister "almost divided the cheering with the royal pair themselves." The change of opinion had come about because of the belief that Baldwin, as Prime Minister, failed from 1933 to 1937 to educate the British electorate on the necessity of rearmament and that he even kept from Parliament full information on the extent to which Hitler had been successful in substituting guns and planes for butter.

G. M. Young and Lord Baldwin were friends and the latter asked "somewhat languidly" whether the former would care to write his Life. Mr. Young agreed, and it occasionally appears that he may have done so in a "languid" fashion as well. The result is an "authorized life," but the opposite of the conventional and frequently dull Life and Letters of a British Statesman. In some subjects Baldwin took no interest at all. When the cabinet discussed foreign affairs he would say, "Wake me up when you have finished that," and try to get a nap. He kept no diary, rarely wrote a letter on politics, and circulated no memoranda to his colleagues. Sir Winston Churchill could not have written his magnificent volumes on two world wars if he had been so taciturn vis-à-vis his secretaries, his colleagues, and potentates and princes.

This life is partly Boswellian in character, for Mr. Young spent extended periods with Baldwin when he lived in retirement. Space is apportioned rather loosely. There are only nine pages on Baldwin before he entered Parliament in 1908, at the age of forty-one, and proceeded to demonstrate—although not until the end of the war—that he would be an exception to Wilberforce's rule that men did not succeed in the House of Commons unless they entered it before they were thirty.

Not long ago *The Times Literary Supplement* quoted Sir Harold Nicolson (who wrote lives of Dwight Morrow and George V) as saying that a good biography should encourage people "to believe that man's mind is in truth unconquerable and that character can triumph over the most hostile circumstances, provided only that it remain true to itself." By this test Mr. Young's biography is not a good one. Few "authorized" authors have been so harsh on their subjects. Considering the place that Baldwin held in the public eye and the fact that he had the trust and affection of a whole people, Mr. Young thinks that at the time of the general election in 1935 the Prime Minister should have said to himself: "Make the sacrifice, resign. Tell the world that the task to which you set your hand is accomplished; that you are a man of peace and that we are entering on a Passage Perilous where other gifts are needed. You will startle the world; you will dismay the country. But that dismay is the shock they need. The most frantic pacifist never called you a warmonger, and if you released from office, discharged from party, say 'Arm', even pacifists will listen."

But in one respect Baldwin did Great Britain a great service and Mr. Young does not overemphasize its importance. In 1924 and again in 1929 Baldwin wanted Labour to form minority governments to prepare them for the time when they would have a majority in the House of Commons. Thus, a good many Labour ministers had had ministerial experience before Mr. Attlee formed his Cabinet in 1945. And Baldwin had prepared the Conservative Party to oppose but not to be irreconcilable. Of the Prime Minister one of his supporters cruelly said, "If he is a Gladstonian Liberal, let him lead the Liberals. If he is a Socialist, Labour would no doubt be glad to have him. But he cannot lead the Conservatives as a mixture of both." That is just what Baldwin did and he prevented the two great British parties from turning into Guelphs and Ghibellines.

To many readers it will come as a surprise to learn that Baldwin took first rank as an orator. Mr. Young justifies this high opinion by many quotations from speeches. Given the fact of Baldwin's eloquence, it is fortunate that the pages which are his biographer's own do not present a sharp contrast. On the other hand, it is unfortunate that Mr. Young makes his debut to the generality of American readers with this biography. He is an accomplished historian and essayist—sometimes a little precious, but urbane, felicitous and literate. His "Gibbon" and "Charles I and Cromwell" are admirable pieces of work. This biography is not without admirable qualities, but it leaves a good many questions unanswered. Lord Beaverbrook was wrong when he said that Baldwin was not "of prime ministerial timber." The tree blossomed—when he caused the breakup of Lloyd George's coalition in 1922, in the preparations of the General Strike of 1926, and in the abdication crisis. The trouble was that sometimes the tree seemed to be dead.

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Ægbert's Crown vs. Eve's Daughter

"Gone with the Windsors," by Iles Brody *(J. C. Winston Co. 327 pp. $3.50), is a gossipy account of the public and private lives of former King Edward VIII of England and his Baltimore-born wife. Our reviewer, George Curry of the history department of the University of South Carolina, is the author of an unpublished doctoral dissertation on the abdication crisis, in the preparation of which he used many papers still kept as state secrets.*

By George Curry

ILES BRODY'S excuse for the title, and for the many near-libelous statements in "Gone with the Windsors," his "true story" of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, is his contention that between them they nearly destroyed the British monarchy. History requires, he believes, a correction of the deliberately false impression given by the Duke's memoirs, "A King's Story." He presents the thesis—correct in this reviewer's opinion—that Edward VIII's abdication was in effect a crisis of character, resulting from the King's personality rather than from intrigue by Stanley Baldwin, C. G. Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Geoffrey Dawson, editor of the London *Times*. For some who still believe in the conspiracy-against-Edward theory after the publication of J. G. Lockhart's biography of Lang, G. M. Young's memoir on Baldwin, and the Duke's artless autobiography, "Gone with the Windsors" may serve its intended purpose. But it is so malevolently written that the author surely forfeits any claim to being an unbiased observer. Nor are his quoted sources such as would enable him to make a fully trustworthy contribution to the record.

Mr. Brody presents the Windsors as monsters of egotism with nary a redeeming feature. His colorful information on the Windsors' present way of life is drawn from such authorities as Walter Winchell, Cholly Knickerbocker, and Elsa Maxwell. Details of Edward's earlier career and abdication are taken, apparently uncritically, from *Time* magazine (1936 vintage), its British equivalent *Cavalcade*, and the like. Yet, as the author remarks, during most of Edward's reign the American press, which often finds British royalty a heady draught, was "trigger-happy, punchdrunk with the greatest romance ever."

By his lack of discrimination and detachment, Mr. Brody runs his subject into the ground, or rather, into dirt and distortion. For example, he portrays Prime Minister Baldwin as a simple man of unerring judgment. Actually, Edward had to deal with a master politician of extraordinarily complex character. To the last Baldwin tried to retain the King, overestimating his power to influence a wilful and unhappy sovereign to whom the possibility of abdication had undoubtedly occurred even before his accession. After their strained negotiations Baldwin freely—and sincerely—acknowledged Edward's better qualities. Mr. Brody's black-and-white picture fails to convey the subtleties of the relationship between King and Minister. His unfavorable appraisal of Sir Walter Monckton, the Sovereign's advisor after the virtual dismissal of Major Hardinge, his Private Secretary, is based entirely on information from "A King's Story," a source he himself characterizes as suspect.

Repeatedly Mr. Brody implies that the present reduced fortunes of Great Britain are in some measure attributable to the follies of Edward VIII. There is no evidence that Windsor could have prevented the general decline of his country's power. If anything, hindsight indicates that the abdication, though it had the makings of a national disaster, was a fortunate thing for the Commonwealth and that the former King's own supposition that the British people might prefer someone more like his father has proved correct.

All the facts cannot be known until circumstances permit—if they ever should—the release of such accounts as Sir Walter Monckton's, written shortly after the events concerned, the private memoranda of Sir Thomas Dugdale, Baldwin's Parliamentary Secretary, of Hardinge, and of Barrington-Ward, Dawson's assistant on the London *Times*. Sir Harold Nicolson's extensive notebooks certainly contain information valuable to future historians, and Lord Wigram, former Private Secretary to George V, has deposited important material in the Royal Archives.

Mr. Brody's book provides entertaining reading for those who like their gossip about the international set hot and strong, but it must be classified with the mass of secondary material about the Windsors. As a serious commentary it is as biased as the royal memoirs which it attacks.

—*Wide World.*

The Windsors and Elsa Maxwell—"gossip . . . hot and strong."

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Cracking the Cake of Custom

Maxwell Geismar's "Rebels and Ancestors" *(Houghton Mifflin. 434 pp. $4.50), carries his many-volumed study of American fiction as an expression of American life to the period 1890-1915. Robert E. Spiller, who reviews it below, is professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and one of the editors of "The Literary History of the United States."*

By Robert E. Spiller

IT WOULD almost seem that the literary critics of the present time could be divided into two main groups by the simple question of whether or not, in their view, a work of art is rooted in the society of its time. Maxwell Geismar is one of those who would give a strong affirmative answer to that question and so separate himself from at least the more extreme of the New Critics. He is primarily a critic of culture (of which literature is one expression) and his work assumes importance at a time when literary criticism seems to be leaning rather toward the analytic and more purely esthetic methods.

"Rebels and Ancestors" is the third work in a series which attempts to analyze modern American fiction as an expression of modern American life. Starting with "Writers in Crisis" in 1942, Mr. Geismar stated his problem and set his method in an analysis of the work of the so-called "lost generation." With "The Last of the Provincials" he moved back to a group of writers of the "middle" period, 1915-1925, in whose work the central problems of contemporary fiction were first clearly stated; and now he carries his exploration further back to the sources of this modern movement in the writers of the period 1890-1915. Whether he has in mind a book on the first of the "realists," Howells, James, Mark Twain, and their contemporaries, he does not say, but such a book is not needed, either in general or for the purpose of his grand design. The nature of the twentieth-century revolt, despair, and fulfilment in literature has been now exposed in the terms this critic set himself. The result is one of the most ambitious contemporary attempts at cultural criticism, a pioneering work in both subject and method.

Perhaps it is not altogether fair to present Mr. Geismar's controlling thesis first when he has tried so hard to avoid dogmatism by saving his statement of principles for the last chapter of his third book. The complex of modern American life, Mr. Geismar seems to believe, may be studied on three levels: the biological, the sociological, and the psychological. On the first, the drive is toward the scientific detachment of the naturalist, and the violent primitivism of the social Darwinians; on the second, it is toward the apparent failure of the American dream and the narrow escape from a Marxian solution of the resulting despair; on the third, it is toward the release of repressed motivation, principally sexual, which gives to the most hidden of personal problems the force of social significance by an extension of the Freudian hypothesis to group behavior.

In each of his three books, Mr. Geismar limits his study to six leading and representative figures; in this one his subjects are Frank Norris, Stephen Crane, Jack London, Ellen Glasgow, and Theodore Dreiser, the writers of fiction of this period who, in his estimation, most emphatically broke with the "ancestors" and most effectually prepared for the "rebels." Each one is given a full chapter of analysis, simultaneously on three levels, without too much direct reference to companion studies or to emerging generalizations.

Of the three levels of analysis, the social is by far the most effective. The ten-page essay at the end on "Theories of the Dreamers" is the real heart of Mr. Geismar's thinking. "Reading over the literature of the progressive movement in the 1900's," he concludes, "you almost have the sense of 'the submerged truth'—or a hidden body of facts which, with all its distortions, errors, and false hopes, also contained the most brilliant and fruitful source of American social criticism yet compiled."

It is that "hidden body of facts" that the three books have followed through, and in doing so, they have helped more than any other work of contemporary historical criticism to clarify a paradox in American literary history: i.e., why the great literature of a democracy must be self-critical almost to the point of self-destruction. Because our writers have consistently condemned the materialism and selfishness of the democratic capitalistic form of society, Europeans almost to a man (and many Americans) have concluded that we have produced a great literature in spite of the conditions of American life, and that under some other system (preferably some form of totalitarianism) we might have produced an even greater art. The tragedy of this misunderstanding is so great that any critic who can help to resolve it deserves a Congressional Medal, and Mr. Geismar's study does help by revealing the direct connection between the actual conditions of American life and the literature it has produced. Only in an open society can criticism of life be unrestricted in art; and only when such criticism of life is possible can the most searching and meaningful art result.

In the essay on Dreiser, the social problem is most successfully illuminated by reference to the personal and natural levels of analysis. It is perhaps the best short essay on this Titan; and that on Ellen Glasgow is not far below it in excellence. In that on London, where the biological is predominant, the analysis is steady but not quite as well focused. Partly because the Freudian hypothesis as a general and literary influence does not belong historically to the period here under study, and partly because Mr. Geismar is less sure and more doctrinaire in its application than he is with social systems, the chapters on Crane and Norris snag badly on Oedipan and castration theories. Influenced too much by John Berryman's pseudo-Freudian diagnosis of Crane in a recent and misleading biography, the social critic temporarily loses his perspective as these two authors slip from his grasp.

Social psychology, if it is to play its important part in cultural study, must avoid the easy, the trite, the doctrinaire solution that would fix all human motivation on a classic character named Oedipus. It is interesting that Mr. Geismar did not make use of the full documentation of his fears of impotence provided by Dreiser in his autobiographical "Dawn", but in that case keeps the psychological motivation in firm relationship with the social. In such moments he asserts his right to high place as a literary critic.

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Tragic Comedian

"The Ordeal of George Meredith," by Lionel Stevenson *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 368 pp. $6), is a full-length biography of one of the most provocative English literary figures of the nineteenth century. Here it is reviewed by William W. Appleton, assistant professor of English at Columbia.*

By William W. Appleton

TWENTY-FIVE years ago in his "Aspects of the Novel" E. M. Forster observed: "Meredith is now rather in the trough of a wave." The passage of time has confirmed Forster's appraisal, even if it has ruined his metaphor. Meredith has not enjoyed any return to the high tide of popular favor. Dr. Johnson's observation that he would rather praise Congreve's novel, "Incognita," than read it, applies all too aptly to most of Meredith's work today. Lionel Stevenson's study of the last of the great Victorians, "The Ordeal of George Meredith," not only presents us with an admirably sound biography but leads one to hope for a real revival of interest in one of the most complex, stimulating, and exasperating nineteenth-century literary figures.

His task has been the more difficult because George Meredith was scarcely the "stormy human being" the publishers proclaim him on the dust jacket. A beclouded childhood, an unhappy first marriage, and a succession of literary disappointments are commonplace enough, but for that very reason they have an interest lacking in more flamboyant careers. Happily, the author has not tried to "glamorize" his subject. He has scrupulously articulated his material from a wide variety of sources and the portrait of Meredith which emerges he has painted with painstakingly detailed brush strokes.

After the genteel and bowdlerized biographies of the Victorian era, and the later elegant sniping of the Lytton Strachey school, the meticulous scholarship and solidity of much recent biographical work—particularly in nineteenth-century studies—has much to recommend it. But solidity has its occasional drawbacks as well as its virtues. Admirable as Lionel Stevenson's biography is in its accuracy and scholarship, his encyclopedic approach sometimes leads him astray. While his account of the various legends surrounding the Rossetti-Meredith estrangement is highly amusing (was Meredith disgusted because of the way Rossetti devoured five poached eggs at breakfast?), his account of Meredith's dealings with various authors, some major, some minor, in his capacity as a reader for Chapman and Hall sometimes runs to excessive detail.

Generally, however, his book is marked by lucidity and good sense in its treatment of a highly complex figure whose fascination and evasiveness the frontispiece photograph suggests. "You have a Manchester mind," Mrs. Meredith once caustically observed to a rigidly conventional acquaintance. Meredith's mind was anything but a Manchester mind. The paradoxes in him as a man and an artist irresistibly appealed to that other master of paradox, Oscar Wilde: "Ah! Meredith! Who can define him?"

If Lionel Stevenson has been successful in suggesting, if not defining, the complexities in Meredith the man, he has also skilfully related the man to the novelist. In the case of Meredith, as with Molière, Meredith's comic ideal, the task is hazardous.

One wishes, indeed, he had chosen to concentrate even more upon the novels, for it is as a novelist, rather than as a personality, that Meredith will survive. In view of the current interest in Henry James it seems curious that the author of "Evan Harrington," which made James aware of his own literary destiny, should lie neglected upon the shelves. Though less pure a craftsman than James, Meredith shares with him an intense individuality of outlook, psychological intensity, and intellectual subtlety.

—By Max Beerbohm; Culver.

Meredith—"Our First Novelist."

Blithe Sibyl

"Katherine Mansfield," by Antony Alpers *(Alfred A. Knopf. 376 pp. $5), is the first full-scale biography of the enigmatic short-story writer. Professor Dinkins of Texas Christian University, who reviews it below, is a specialist in the works of Miss Mansfield.*

By Paul Dinkins

THAT Katherine Mansfield was beginning at last to understand the true nature of her personal crisis is suggested by some of her letters written from the Gurdjieff Institute, where she died. It was, as she saw, basically a problem of identity. Making a religion of art, she had tried to transmute herself into a specific version of the artist personality. In the final half-realization of failure she began to ask the overdue question *"Who am I?"*

Since her death thirty years ago there have been many attempts at answer. She has been the subject of a great deal of writing in Europe, and of considerable, though less, in America. Aside from the formal criticism of the short stories, much of it has centered on the personal legend. But it has been largely specialized, or desultory and occasional. In view of all the interest it is surprising we should have had to wait until now for the publication of the first full-scale biography.

Though it may not be a very important qualification for the assignment, Antony Alpers is his subject's compatriot, a New Zealander. Perhaps a more fortunate one is that he is a professional newspaperman, hence presumably trained to objectivity, or at least to a respect for fact, in which much of the previous writing about Katherine Mansfield has been regrettably wanting. Profession may also account for his accomplishment, against formidable odds, in economy.

Formidable indeed; for he has not been the lucky sort of biographer who has a neatly limited body of material to handle. First there are Miss Mansfield's voluminous personal writings, in a sense her autobiography but not to be relied on absolutely as history, since so much is intentionally literary art. Alpers makes advisedly cautious use of these deceptively obvious sources. He is likewise wary of relying too trustingly on Middleton Murray's published definitions of his wife's personality. She was many things to many people; and each one's understanding of her was necessarily tentative and incomplete.

Easily the most valuable result of

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his years of research in England has been his contact with two key figures hitherto silent, Ida Baker (the omnipresent "L. M." of the "Journal" and "Letters") and George Bowden, the husband of Katherine Mansfield's fantastic first marriage. There are some highly revealing letters to Miss Baker, not "literary" and never before published, and an informal memoir by Bowden.

The New Zealand connection—despite the fact that K. M. is a proud national possession and that the project was supported by a Government grant—has entailed few evasions. Alpers is less explicit than some others have been about the man of the earliest liaison, with its terrible consequence, possibly because a Wellington family was involved. But he has not concealed any of the evidences that will shock those who sentimentally attribute to Katherine Mansfield a type of moral fastidiousness certainly not always hers. And the cooperation her sisters gave him has not brought on courteous disregard of the recurring and not unfounded accusation that she got very little of the financial help she desperately needed from her wealthy father, Sir Harold Beauchamp (who once wrote a letter to this magazine as public denial of the charge).

THERE are a few misplacements on emphasis, none perhaps of great moment. Some readers may consider the author's rather lengthy personal prologue a gratuitous service. More thought should have been given the affair with Francis Carco; and to the highly interesting and complex literary and personal relationship with Virginia Woolf. And a trip home via America for consultation with Frieda Lawrence and Dorothy Brett, both more intimately involved than appears, would have been of a great deal of value.

A biography of this modest tone and this dimension is needed. Murray has been impresario too long; though his ethics—or taste—should never have been made to seem the issue. Katherine Mansfield is an important writer. While emotional response has frequently substituted for criticism, the decisive fact is that her highest praise has come from her peers—such as Willa Cather, Walter de la Mare, Eudora Welty, Katherine Anne Porter. They and all serious practitioners of the modern short story are in some degree indebted to this artist who, like Fitzgerald and Lawrence, is at the same time fated to evoke public curiosity and interest—by no means always affectionate—which will be only ambiguously related to literary reputation as such.

The Hugeness of Tolstoy

Alexandra Tolstoy's "Tolstoy: A Life of My Father" *(translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. Harper. 543 pp. $5) is a new attempt at an objective biography of the great Russian novelist. Our reviewer, Gleb Struve, professor of Slavic languages and literature in the University of California at Berkeley, is the author of "Soviet Russian Literature: 1917–1950" and other books.*

By Gleb Struve

ONE OF Tolstoy's eminent Russian contemporaries described him in 1909 as "a huge and terrifying creature who has lived not one but several human lives—lives that it would be strange and frightening for one man to live."

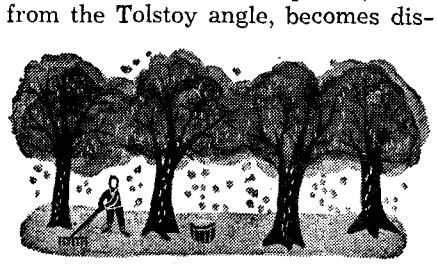
This "hugeness" of Tolstoy is sufficent to justify another addition to the already long list of full-length biographies, both Russian and non-Russian. Any account of Tolstoy's "several lives," even if it contains no new facts or interpretations, is bound to be of interest to a reader who is not versed in all the vast Tolstoyana. But a special interest must attach to a biography written by Tolstoy's youngest daughter, who was closest to him during the last ten years of his life, shared his ideas, and became his principal literary and ideological legatee, and who has something of his dedication in her spiritual makeup.

Such a view at close quarters has its advantages and disadvantages. In "Tolstoy: A Life of My Father" Alexandra Tolstoy gives us a more human, more intimate portrait of the great man in his old age than do the biographies written by his Russian disciples or foreign admirers. We also get a much better picture than usual of life at Yasnaya Polyana and of various members of Tolstoy's family. And the book includes several short letters which Tolstoy wrote to his daughter in the last spring of his life, which are here published for the first time.

On the other hand, there is an inevitable lack of critical detachment in the over-all approach. I do not mean here only Tolstoy's domestic tragedy in which Alexandra Tolstoy took sides with her father. Her attitude at the time found a frank expression in her earlier book, "The Tragedy of Tolstoy" (1933). She now sees her one-sided approach as a mistake and says that in her new book, "with the advantage of greater maturity," she will try to be as dispassionate as possible in exploring the relations between her parents—"these two complex, powerful, integral characters." She does her best to live up to that intention, and even though there is no doubt in the reader's mind as to where her sympathies lie, an average unprejudiced reader will often sympathize with the hysterical, half-demented Countess and be shocked by Tolstoy's lack of ordinary Christian charity, by his inordinate egocentricity. Any account of Tolstoy's domestic tragedy makes painful reading; it is doubly painful when it comes from a person so close to the two protagonists. But it sheds much light on Tolstoy's moralistic religion which was devoid of grace and of all true feeling for the living Christ.

Yet, when I speak of the lack of critical detachment, I have in mind something different. It is a pity that all major biographies of Tolstoy have so far been written by his disciples or unqualified admirers. Some of them are nothing short of hagiographic; others at least try to be objective. Miss Tolstoy's belongs to this latter category, and she deserves double credit for it. But even in the more objective ones, which, as Miss Tolstoy's, profess to see their hero's "failures, errors and mistakes," there is always a certain amount of distortion of perspective. Tolstoy appears as a kind of Gulliver among the Lilliputians.

On the one side is he, the hero and the victim; on the other—the stupid, reactionary government and the official Church which "persecuted" him; his family, often unworthy of him; his not very numerous followers who were even less worthy of him; and the great bulk of the Russian public with their somewhat indiscriminate admiration. The background of Russian life of the period, seen from the Tolstoy angle, becomes dis-



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torted. Out of account are left those fairly numerous Russian intellectuals (beginning with Vladimir Solovyov) who, while full of respect and even admiration for Tolstoy, and recognizing both the great moral challenge and the religious stimulus of his personality and teaching, saw great flaws and inconsistencies in his "Christianity" and criticized his ideas. Perhaps it is wrong to expect the biographer to play also the part of an independent critic, but since he is concerned, among other things, with contemporary reactions to his hero, it is his duty to avoid a one-sided presentation of those reactions. Yet this is what all of Tolstoy's biographers, including his daughter, are in various degrees guilty of. One would therefore wish, for a change, to see a biography of Tolstoy written by someone who, while seeing Tolstoy's greatness not only as an artist but also as a moral force and a religious personality, would be able to approach his teaching more critically and to assess him more impartially in the framework of Russian life and ideas.

Any biography of Tolstoy, however, makes for fascinating and stimulating reading and sets one thinking afresh about such problems as the relation in Tolstoy between the artist and the moral teacher, or his impact on the Russian Revolution. All the more so when to a thorough knowledge of Tolstoy's writings, diaries, and correspondence is added, as in this case, the intimate personal intercourse with the man.

The translation of Miss Tolstoy's book reads, on the whole, smoothly, but is unfortunately not free from a number of mistakes. There are also some minor errors in facts and names for which the author herself is apparently responsible.

Writers Notes

A POET'S LETTERS: Byron was a great poet who also wrote great letters, combining talents not always found together. The most striking and attractive quality of his letters is their immediacy, their closeness to what we feel was his sensibility and intellect (combined). Whether he is blowing his top at his publisher or sending an archly affectionate note to Lady Melbourne or a graceful bouquet to Goethe, his pen strikes with true pitch. His sincerity, sustained by his vigor, always seems unimpeachable. And there is constant play of variety: he traveled and lived abroad most of his short life, writing constantly to friends in England; and

(*Continued on page* 52)

Freedom and Concord

"The American Temper," by Richard D. Mosier *(University of California Press. 306 pp. $5), is an examination of our national intellectual tradition as manifested in society, religion, education, politics, and science. It is reviewed below by Charles Fenton of the English department of Yale.*

By Charles Fenton

THE comprehensive synthesis of American intellectual thought Richard D. Mosier offers in "The American Temper" is one further manifestation of the current exploration of the presence in our culture of a well-defined tradition. In many cases the investigation has been a discovery as much as an exploration. The recognition of a productive continuity in American attitudes has always been basic to the general American position, even if it has seldom been articulated. Its identification by American scholars and intellectuals, however, has until recently been tardy and hesitant. As if in apology for earlier neglect the present generation is sometimes breathless in its restitution.

"The American Temper" reminds us of this situation by both its virtues and its limitations. Professor Mosier offers a compact extension of his thesis that the whole sum of American wisdom may be expressed in Bacon's maxim that knowledge is power, if this is accompanied by a question of Whitman. The query upon which Professor Mosier insists is, "What is the fusing explanation and tie—what the relation between the (radical, democratic) Me, the human identity of understanding, emotions, spirit, on the one side, of and with the (conservative) Not Me, the whole material objective universe and laws, and what is behind them in time and space, on the other side?"

That thematic blueprint is the least clear sentence in the book; the argument itself is consistently lucid, as one follows the statement through consecutive definitions of Puritanism, the Enlightment, Romanticism, and, finally, what the author calls "The Modern Temper." The development of American thought patterns is exposed through an analysis of society, religion, education, politics, and science, each of them defined as to its nature in the four major creative epochs of American intellectual history. The orderly arrangement of documentation ultimately permits the conclusion that mechanism is the dominant contemporary pattern, assuring, according to the author, that "ideas could be given a material embodiment and values a natural home."

Professor Mosier thus visualizes a philosophy of technology that is more than a mere static reflection of a technical civilization. The American temper today, he argues, is a metaphysical doctrine. He has led us over a difficult trail, with an easy certainty of conviction. "The scientific work of Darwin was brought to completion by the scientific work of Einstein, who gave to the philosophers of his day an absolute warrant for believing in relativity, and embodied the dynamical process of biology in the realm of physics; thus bringing to completion, with the modifications of Planck, the line of thought which stretched back into the nineteenth century."

SUCH finality, however, indicates that the long route from Puritanism to experimentalism has not been blazed without detour and occasional sleight of hand. Professor Mosier defines the areas he will travel, as he has every right to. He could justify, for example, the omission of the fine arts from his five arteries of society, religion, education, politics, and science. There is sufficient precedent among the intellectual historians who have gone before him. Their absence, as for his predecessors, requires the introduction of tightropes instead of trails along certain parts of the route.

"Literature," he writes of the advent of naturalism, "tried to surpass its old forms, leap over the boundaries of restraint and good taste, in an effort to anticipate a new epoch in the war of belles-lettres." His legitimate anxiety to uncover the permanent values of the American temper has required him to belittle or exclude much that is no less American because it is not readily absorbed into his thesis. There are few somber or ambiguous episodes in Professor Mosier's version of the American temper. Yet his insistence on its philosophical creativity would be equally persuasive without the suppression of whatever is not a part of his affirmation.

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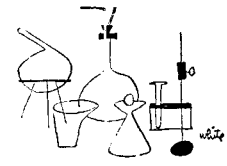
A Most Universal Diversity



"Free and Unequal," by Roger J. Williams *(University of Texas Press. 177 pp. $3.50) is a distinguished biochemist's attempt to apply to the problems of human relations one of the fundamentals of genetics: no two humans are born with the same qualities. Professor Sinnott, who reviews it here, is professor of botany and dean of the Yale Graduate School.*

By Edmund W. Sinnott

SINCE Darwin's time variations among living things have been recognized as the raw material of evolution, and our growing knowledge of the origin and inheritance of variations has greatly clarified the evolutionary process. Their importance for man's life in other ways, however, is often overlooked. Genetics has shown that no two human beings are alike in their inborn qualities—a fact of deep significance. Equal we may be before God and the law but never in our genes. Roger J. Williams's "Free and Unequal" is a vigorous discussion of the implications of this concept for man's affairs.

Dr. Williams, a distinguished biochemist who has long been concerned with the importance of science for human welfare, assails the widespread acceptance of what he calls the "assembly-line doctrine" that people are fundamentally alike—"lumps of dough" from which almost anything can be made—and that to improve them and remedy the ills of society the only requirement is better education and a more favorable environment. He believes, on the contrary, that "the conservation of human resources demands that we recognize the principle of inborn variability of human mental capacities and the tremendous role it plays in all our human endeavors." Dr. Williams mobilizes evidence for the heritability—and thus the fundamental variability—not only of bodily traits but of physiological and psychological differences, as well; of tasting, smelling, and seeing, of preferences, aptitudes, capacities, and mental patterns. He illustrates from some experiments of his own the wide differences in what people like and dislike in the activities which command their interest.

The author then explores the significance of these differences. He shows how freedom itself depends on them, for freedom would be unimportant if we were all alike; how they underlie human individuality; and how a recognition of them is essential for successful education in a democracy. "Distinctiveness, individual worth, and freedom rise or fall together." Education should fit rather than mold children into the social order. He quotes Jefferson's remark that "tastes cannot be controlled by law," and believes that our lack of success in regulating gambling and liquor is due to the basic differences in men's attitude toward these things. Regimentation in such matters as wages, productivity, and age of retirement is equally unsatisfactory, since people are different. Human diversity is important in medicine as well. What is good in food and medication for one man may not be for another, and the general tendency to treat all alike is to be deplored. Averages, norms, and statistics are not important here, but rather individuals.

In art and religion, Dr. Williams maintains, the story is the same. People naturally have different esthetic tastes and philosophical attitudes. They approach the truth from different directions. In race relations, too, it is useless to shut our eyes to fundamental differences that exist. They should be recognized and allowed to make their distinctive contributions to our culture. There would be far less hatred between men, far less feeling of superiority or inferiority, if we frankly recognized human differences, that it is not man we seek to understand, but men. This will not lead to conflict but quite the reverse. "A dual-control electrically heated blanket," says the author, "is not a sign of disharmony; it recognizes differences and by so doing promotes *harmony*."

WITH all this biologists and many others will agree in principle, for they recognize the harm that has come so often from attempts to treat all men alike. But in his zeal for the cause Dr. Williams has sometimes been persuaded to overemphasize human differences, especially genetic ones. There surely are many ways in which all men are alike. It is important, also, to understand just what is inherited, especially in the all-important realm of mental qualities. Inheritance here is not of specific traits but of a specific pattern of reactions to the environment, a repertoire of possibilities. Which of these will actually be realized depends on education and conditioning. The author pays tribute, though rather briefly, to the importance of education, but is inclined to underestimate man's enormous capacity for it. A baby, to be sure, is far from being a lump of common dough. It has its own individual pattern of capacities, but can nevertheless be molded into a wide variety of forms. Much human diversity is the result of this molding process rather than of inborn qualities alone. Anti-Semitism, for example, or a fundamentalist attitude in religion, comes more from living in a specific culture than from genetic factors. As biologists we rightly condemn the Stalinist dogma that environment is all-important and regret that so many of our own social planners also tend to neglect inherited differences; but man, unlike the lower animals, depends so much on training for what he becomes that this must obviously continue to be of vital importance in programs for human betterment. Man is a slave neither to his genes nor to his culture but can transcend them both.

The differences among men that arise from any cause are important in human affairs, and much of what Dr. Williams has to say is applicable to all of them. The essential thing is to recognize that they exist. As Montaigne so well said, "The most universal quality is diversity."

Requiem

By Hannah Kahn

SUMMER be thou kind to
him.
Grass grow green and high
For him who loved the sight and
sound
Of wind, the range of sky.

Autumn burnish leaves for him,
He who loved you so
Is now part of interim,
Part of falling snow,

Part of petal, part of leaf,
part of green grass growing;
Seasons help me with my grief,
Bring new seeds for sowing.

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CONSERVATISM VS. SMUGNESS: Russell Kirk's **"The Conservative Mind"** (Henry Regnery, $6.50) is an intelligent and important book of scholarly research in representative conservative minds of the last three centuries. It analyzes such diverse figures as John Adams, Randolph of Roanoke, Calhoun, Tocqueville, Disraeli, Sir Henry Maine, Cardinal Newman, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Santayana. Nowadays "conservatism" is being defined most diversely. It is, therefore, Kirk's own definitions of conservatism and radtion.

The canons of conservative thought are:

(1) Belief that a divine intent rules society as well as conscience, forging an eternal chain of right and duty which links great and obscure, living and dead.

(2) Affection for the proliferating variety and mystery of traditional life, as distinguished from the narrowing uniformity of most radical systems. It is this buoyant view of life which Walter Bagehot called "the proper source of an animated Conservatism."

(3) Conviction that civilized society requires orders and classes. The only true equality is moral equality; if a people destroy natural distinctions among men, presently Buonaparte fills the vacuum.

(4) Persuasion . . . that economic levelling is not economic progress.

(5) Faith in prescription and distrust of "sophisters and calculators." Man must put a control upon his will and his appetite, for conservatives know man to be governed more by emotion than by reason. Tradition and sound prejudice provide checks upon man's anarchic impulse.

(6) Recognition that change and reform are not identical, and that innovation is a devouring conflagration more often than it is a torch of progress.

Radicalism since 1790 has tended to attack the prescriptive arrangement of society on the following doctrinal grounds:

(1) The perfectibility of man and the illimitable progress of society: meliorism. Radicals believe that education, positive legislation, and alteration of environment can produce men like gods; they deny that humanity has a natural proclivity toward violence and sin.

(2) Contempt for tradition. Reason, impulse, and materialistic determinism are severally preferred as guides to social welfare, trustier than the wisdom of our ancestors. Formal religion is rejected and a variety of anti-Christian systems are offered as substitutes.

(3) Political levelling. Eagerness for centralization.

(4) Economic levelling. The ancient rights of property, especially property in land, are suspect to almost all radicals.

Burke, through his famous debates with the dead Rousseau and the living Paine, remains the starting-point for both conservatism and radicalism. Your reaction toward his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" still remains the best test of whether you are a philosophical conservative. "Radicals unite in detesting Burke's description of the state as . . . a spiritual union of the dead, the living, and those yet unborn."

Therefore, Kirk is probably justified in making Burke the central figure of the entire book. It is Kirk's thesis that the traditionalist Burke and not the radical Paine represented the true spirit of the revolution made by George Washington: "The American Revolution, substantially, had been a conservative reaction, in the English political tradition, against royal *innovation*. Burke is the founder of our conservatism. Hamilton and John Adams read Burke in America,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

COMPANIONS OF THE CALENDAR

Two or more eminent writers, basically similar in ideas and output, have often been born in the same year. Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, asks you to identify two writers born in each of the following years. Allowing five points for each correct half-answer, a score of sixty is fairish, seventy goodish, and eighty or better hot stuff. Answers on page 51.

1. In 1524 were born two world-famous poets who drew heavily upon classical literature for inspiration: leader of the Pléiade, one wrote an (unfinished) epic on Francus and the beginnings of France; the other, a Portuguese explorer, an epic on Vasco da Gama.
2. The two greatest Elizabethan playwrights were born in 1564: one a brilliant intellectual whose plays portray man's eternal striving for the unattainable, the other a practical businessman whose insight into human nature has never been surpassed.
3. The two most illustrious poets of Jacobean England were born in 1572: one, the "King's poet," was predominantly classical and developed the "humor" character in his plays; the other, James's chaplain, was a keen metaphysician who became Dean of St. Paul's by royal command.
4. Two famous essayists were born in 1672: one conducted the "Tatler," the other the "Spectator," and both contributed regularly to both periodicals.
5. Two men born in 1685 (both spent their last years in blindness) mark the peak of Baroque musical development: one, an introspective organist whose correspondence fills a respectable volume, found his deepest expression in German Passion music; the other, a practical cosmopolitan who compiled many of his own libretti, combined in his oratorios Italian, German, and English traits.
6. Born in 1775 were two writers differing from the Romantics in being little affected by "nature": one, devoted to her sister Cassandra, lightly satirized the British country gentry in her novels; the other, devoted to London and to his insane sister Mary, is best known for his personal essays—humorous, whimsical, often gently pathetic.
7. Two illustrious Victorians born in 1809 felt the impact of scientific advancement: one, attempting in his verse to reconcile science and religion, succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate; the other became a great naturalist, exponent of the theory of evolution on the basis of natural selection.
8. A clergyman who spread the doctrine of muscular Christianity and glorified courage and derring-do in his novels of adventure was born in 1819, as was the American author of a tremendous yarn in which man is pitted against the largest mammal.
9. In 1835 were born a British novelist whose autobiographical "Way of All Flesh" depicts bitterly and realistically the "sanctimonious priggishness" of Victorian upbringing, and an American humorist whose best known novel reflects his own youthful life on the Mississippi.
10. 1844 was the birthyear of two friends, lyricists much concerned with the music of poetry: Platonist, physician, and hymnologist, one wrote a treatise on Milton's prosody and experimented with metrics and new rhythms; Jesuit priest, deeply interested in the dramatic tension between nature and religious significance, the other introduced such terms as "sprung rhythm" (a principle as old as Skelton), "counterpoint," "inscape."

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ideas in the Southern states."

Unlike the mature and Churchillian and non-hucksterish Conservative Party of Great Britain, no mature and responsible kind of conservative party exists in America. The chief British conservatives treated by Kirk are political leaders (Burke, Disraeli); the chief American conservatives are nonpolitical, literary figures (Irving Babbitt, Santayana, Paul Elmer More). This disparity suggests that not politics but education, religion, philosophy, literature, and the humanities are the proper sphere for the new conservative rebirth in America today. The same was once true of British conservatism, which likewise received its philosophical formulation from literary critics like the poet Coleridge before osmosing (via Disraeli) into politics. Perhaps the same osmosing will take place in America in the *future*; in the present it is difficult to see any American party capable of responsible, ethical conservatism so long as it condones the irresponsible wild men of its lunatic fringe. Conservatism is a non-partisan treasure house of traditional wisdom, equally open to the more responsible leaders in either of our parties.

—Peter Viereck.

JEFFERSON FOR TODAY: Originally "The Jeffersonian Heritage" was a series of radio programs, part of an adult education project of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, produced under a grant from the Ford Foundation's Fund for Adult Education. Recorded on tape, they may be heard in schools and other places. The scripts, with some minor alterations, have been put together in a book, **"The Jefferson Heritage"** (Beacon Press, $3.50), the whole prefaced with an introduction by Dumas Malone.

They make as good reading as hearing, even though the radio had the benefit of Claude Rains in the role of Jefferson. The ideas of Thomas Jefferson will always be evocative. Read or heard, they inspire and arouse any audience. Only Lincoln can match his place in the hearts and minds of his countrymen today. The eager public for the many books about these two men shows this no less than the efforts all political faiths make to claim them. Perhaps it was Lincoln who phrased best the reason for this. "The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of a free society."

The authors of this project selected Jefferson as the best historic symbol they could oppose to modern despotism. Less interested in biography than ideology, they chose for their theme the ideas of one who, a century and a half ago, had sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man.

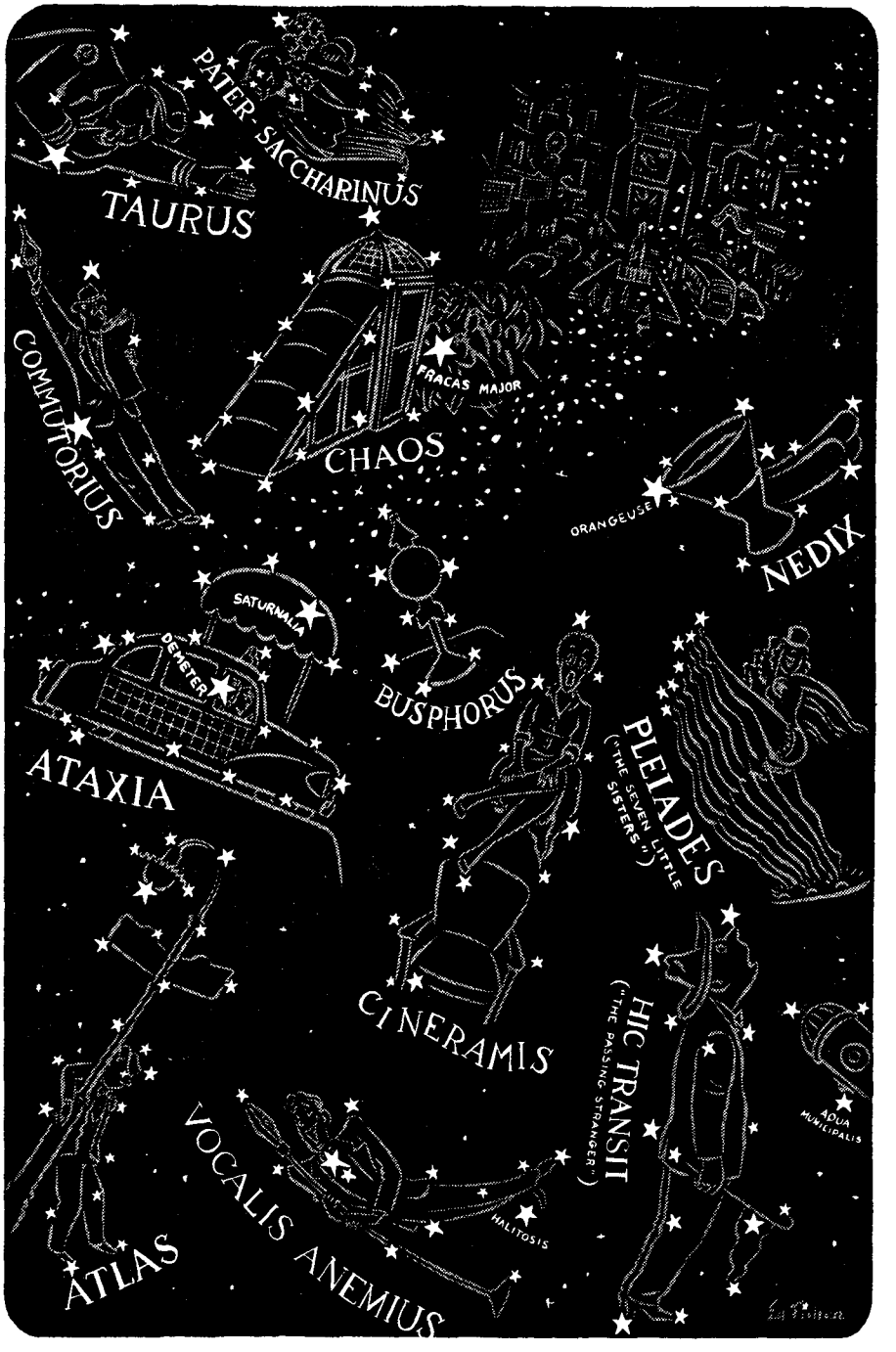
The volume contains a dozen scripts. At times their dramatic action seems contrived, yet they do present in simple form the more pertinent meanings Jefferson has for us. As much as possible, the words are his or those of contemporaries,—even when he is called from the grave with Franklin to argue with a commissar.

This is a nice example of what radio and television can do with and for adult education. Those TV channels for education had best be saved. In addition, it is a good, simple, easy-to-take introduction to the ideas of Thomas Jefferson, with historical accuracy guaranteed by one of the best of our Jefferson scholars.

—William S. Lynch.

A REVISED MAP OF THE HEAVENS

The Skies Over Times Square



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Webster the Irreplaceable

BY JOHN MASON BROWN

ALTHOUGH the cartoon I am looking at on page 74 of the memorial collection of "The Best of H. T. Webster" (Simon and Schuster, $3.50) has a cartoonist as its subject, it is not a self-portrait. By that I mean it does not resemble, or seek to resemble, the late H. T. Webster. It is a portrait nonetheless; indeed, a full-length and unflinchingly realistic portrait of a dilemma he knew well. It is a dilemma familiar to every cartoonist and all other persons brave enough to elect the grim profession of having to be funny regardless of how unfunny they may feel.

The picture I am looking at was done in the dark summer days of 1940. It shows a man bending over his drawing board. His shirt sleeves are rolled above his elbows; his pen is poised in his right hand. He is ready to go to work. Above and behind him, however, are jumbled headlines which scream, "Nazis Claim Victory"; "Dive Bombers Attack Defenseless Cities"; "Thousands Slaughtered"; "Democracy Is Doomed"; "This Is the End of Civilization." No wonder the cartoonist's chin is resting desperately on his left hand, or that his forehead is crossed with wrinkles deep as trenches, or that his eyes are turned ceilingward in misery. His is no enviable assignment. He is waiting, as the caption acidly puts it, for "an idea that will make the nation rock with laughter."

Day after day (including Sundays), and year in and year out for more than three decades, H. T. Webster did make this country a gayer and a pleasanter place in which to live. One commuter may literally have gone into convulsions and been taken to a hospital in critical condition because of a Webster cartoon, as Philo Calhoun, a close friend of Webster, relates in his excellent biographical sketch in the present volume. But Webster's humor, delectable as it was and much as I treasured it, never seemed to me of that convulsing kind which "rocks the nation."

It was gentler than that. Its values were less brassy. It had a wonderful quietness about it which made one laugh inside rather than outside. The pleasures it usually gave came from instantaneous recognition of a simple truth which Webster had seized upon, or some poignant dream, fear, embarrassment, or pretension which he knew to be common to everyone, young or old. The subjects he dealt with during the long years, when to all intents and purposes he had given up being a political cartoonist, were the abiding ones—a boy and his dog; the joys, or trials, of man, boy, and dog alike; the terrors of the timid; the challenges of fishing; the scorn of the diehard bridge player for the upstart canasta fan; or the minor skirmishes of married life.

No matter how menacing the headlines over the decades, no matter how frightening the Alsops on this day or that in the years when their column appeared above his cartoon in the *New York Herald Tribune*, Webster afforded a sanctuary from the misbehavior of nations, the follies of statesmen, the cruelties of battle, and even the threats of the atomic age. The themes he delighted in were those close to the peaceful, everyday living of his far more than twelve million fans. The more troubled the times, the greater the gratitude with which his admirers turned to his cartoons for reassurance that there are values which will endure and are safely beyond the reach of worldshaking events.

THOUGH blessed with an outsized heart, Webster was no "softie." Those who think of him as being only tender and homespun do him an injustice. His sympathetic insight into human weakness has tempted many to forget the indignation he could summon when confronted with human cruelty or treachery. Two cartoons in this memorial collection make this abundantly clear. One shows a Ku Klux Klansman, his white robe spattered with blood, returning to his home and tossing a coil of rope to his two ecstatic little children. The caption makes the flesh creep. It reads, "Souvenir, kiddies." The other cartoon is no less famous. Its scene is Paris after the last war. Two beribboned French poodles are looking with disdain at an ashamed female of their breed as she crosses a street, her head shaved and her tail dangling, followed by her three puppies, all of which have the short legs, the long, underslung bodies, and the thin tails of dachshunds. "Collaborationist" is the single, annihilating word.

The Webster who had the widest following and is best remembered is,

BOYS JAZZ DRUM SET
THE BOY WHO SHOPPED AND SHOPPED AND EVENTUALLY FOUND THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR HIS MOTHER
Copyright, 1948, New York Herald Tribune Inc.
12-18-
WEBSTER

—*Cartoons from "The Best of H. T. Webster."*

"The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime."

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who was the smiling observer of those minor things which play so major a part in daily living. If he was a reporter of the simpler emotions and a chronicler of the simpler irritations, it may have been because he was a smalltown boy. Mr. Calhoun tells us that he was born in Parkersburg, West Virginia, in 1885; that before he reached teen-age he moved with his family to Tomahawk, Wisconsin. where his father opened a drugstore; and that when he was not doing badly at school he worked in the local brickyards, drove a grocery wagon, hustled freight at the railway station, fished the neighborhood streams, read Mark Twain, and drew endless sketches of everything and everybody.

No Webster addict (and a Webster addict was almost anyone who had seen one of his cartoons) would ever question the biographical information supplied by Mr. Calhoun. Webster was unmistakably a product of the rural areas. He might live in Denver, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, or Palm Beach, but he never became a city-slicker. No skyscrapers could keep him from seeing silos, swimming-holes, or the grass-roots. He was as American as corn on the cob, hot dogs, or ice-cream sodas. And his America, except for the intrusion of such new-fangled things as radio, television, and canasta, or infrequent references to current happenings, was a nostalgic one. It was as if a man who had lived to know the threat of Hitler had continued to survive, at least in part, in an Ever-Ever Land of his McKinley youth.

Many of *The New Yorker*'s brilliant cartoonists must have been country-born but all of them are now city-minded. Webster was a city-dweller who remained country-minded. In technique, and often in content, he may have appeared slightly old-fashioned. Yet there was something so fundamental and universal about what he recorded that it was always contemporary. One of the most comforting aspects of his cartoons was that they conveyed the sense that time could be halted. They did this because Webster was wise enough to know that certain types, feelings, and situations are dateless.

Webster was an inexhaustibly fertile creator. It may have pleased him to imagine a machine (a cartoon dynamo, he called it) which in the future would turn out a cartoonist's work for him. He, however, had no need for such an invention himself. Ideas spilled from him; ideas that were delectable, touching, whimsical, and never cynical. His tremendous output fell into categories. As one whose card-playing has never advanced beyond slapjack, I must confess his series on "Bridge" left me cold. But for the others—"The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime"; "Life's Darkest Moment"; "How To Torture Your Wife (or Husband)"; "The Unseen Audience"; and, above all, "The Timid Soul"—I had an affection as deep as it was respectful. I turned to them eagerly the first thing in the morning. They were an essential part of every breakfast, as welcome, warming, and sustaining as the scent and taste of coffee.

WELL, I'LL BE TIGGERED! UNDERWEAR! WHERE'S YER GLOVES AN' PLUG HAT? DON'T TELL ME YA COME SWIMMIN 'THOUT A CANE NEITHER! MERCY GOODNESS!
THE DUDE

"Life's Darkest Moment."

"The Timid Soul."

"How to Torture Your Husband."

IN HIS keenly appreciative introduction to the present volume Robert E. Sherwood places Webster in the company of Ring Lardner, Will Rogers, George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne, and Heywood Broun. Yes, and among others, of Mark Twain and Abe Lincoln. Ardent as my admiration is for Webster, I cannot follow Mr. Sherwood when he mentions him along with Lincoln. Nor can I go so far as to couple him with Mark Twain, although I understand what Mr. Sherwood has in mind when he links the two men. I do, however, agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Sherwood in his contention that Webster belongs "in the highest traditions of American humor."

Mr. Sherwood, incidentally, has some interesting things to say about Caspar Milquetoast, that chinless hero of "The Timid Soul" whose name has passed into the language. He thinks that Caspar, in addition to being autobiographical, also provides "a revealing mirror for all the rest of us, with the exception of those unfortunates who live in a Hitleresque dream world of self-delusion and who fancy they are not impressed by signs that say 'No Loitering.' In identifying himself with Mr. Milquetoast, Webby was aligning himself on the side of the Angels, he was standing up as one of the Pushed as opposed to the Pushers. He was our champion."

The last new drawing by Webster was published on April 4, 1953, in the *Herald Tribune*. This was several months after his death. Since then, Herb Roth has attempted to continue the series. I still follow these cartoons, often with pleasure, sometimes recognizing a figure or a situation that is pure Webster, and always resenting the touches and characters which are completely Roth and not Webster at all. The truth is that the real Webster, who was mortal enough to die, was enough of an immortal to be irreplaceable. These attempts to keep him alive by letting another do his work for him merely prove what really required no proving. There was one, and only one, H. T. Webster and the "Best" of him was an extraordinary best, indeed.

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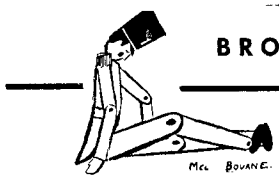

Begin as a Novelist

"END AS A MAN" began as a novel in 1947, became a play in 1951 at the suggestion of producer Robert Whitehead, turned into a piece of live theatre last spring when Actor's Studio performed it as an exercise, and is now, at last, a thriving off-Broadway attraction at the Theatre de Lys.

The story, as written by the new thirty-one-year-old Calder Willingham, appears at first to be merely a realistic picture of life at a military academy. But very early in the play we are introduced to a sadistic character named Jocko de Paris, who is so fascinatingly psychopathic that we watch him with the intentness that we would give to a caged panther.

Jocko begins by picking the weakest specimen of freshman he can find, and illegally hazing him without mercy. This, it is implied, is a true function of military training—to put pressure on the most sensitive and thus to weed out those not hardy enough for leadership. Then, because of an anonymous letter protesting against his behavior, Jocko is threatened with expulsion and forced to grovel in order to prevent it. The remainder of the play is concerned with his violent and unreasonable efforts to gain revenge for his humiliation. At the end, however, the school's commandant tells us that the play is really about American methods of military training, which—imperfect as they may be—are in his opinion the best in the world.

Now, any one of these three themes faithfully pursued could make an excellent play, particularly when the author has, as Mr. Willingham does, a good ear for dialogue, a natural feeling for dramatic conflict, and a finely tuned sense of ironic humor. Instead, Mr. Willingham refuses to stay in one focus and goes on to present us with an additional overtone, whose implication is that—like the psychiatric ward in Joseph Kramm's "The Shrike"—the military academy is a milieu representative of our whole society. Its essence is expressed by a homosexual cadet who in learning to live with his own abnormality has come to see more clearly the abnormalities of "normal" people. He says:

> Practically none of the cadets around here think. If they thought, they couldn't stand the discipline. They drill, go to classes, clean up their rooms . . . drill again, clean their rifles, sweep their rooms again, study, go to lunch . . . drill again, brush their uniforms . . . drill some more, parade, pass inspections; and then every Friday and Saturday night go to town and get drunk.

But where Mr. Kramm's play starts and ends with the same man, Mr. Willingham's makes the same mistake as did the adapters of "Billy Budd." It starts with one man and ends with another. It would seem an axiom of playwriting that the character within a play who attempts to comprehend its events, and who undergoes some kind of change because of their impact, should be present steadily enough for that change and comprehension to be seen as it occurs.

IN "End as a Man" none of the cadets change, and the commandant (who does change to the extent of coming to doubt his own omniscience) appears only twice. As played by the veteran Frank Thomas, the commandant's first appearance seems solely as an agent of authority. And even though he tells us in his second and final appearance that he had no intention of carrying out his threat to expel Jocko, it fails to ring true. But this is almost the only thing that doesn't ring true in "End as a Man." Ben Gazzara gives a trigger-touch performance as the Iago-like De Paris. Developed under Actor's Studio guidance, he emerges as the most promising new actor since Eli Wallach. The rest of the cast is also Actor's Studio talent and the level of performances is extraordinarily high.

Director Jack Garfein must be given credit for leading his relatively inexperienced troupe through a series of difficult scenes and frequently obscene dialogue in convincing fashion. "End as a Man" is planning to make a few second-act revisions, to give designer Mel Bourne money for a can of paint with which to dress up his economy-minded settings, and to move uptown to a Broadway theatre.

Wish the venture luck because, for all its imperfections in construction and its unsavoriness to the entertainment-minded, "End as a Man" very possibly heralds a major playwright.

—HENRY HEWES.

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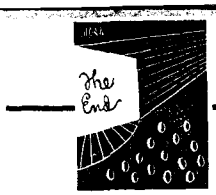

In the Beginning

Spencer Tracy wipes Jean Simmons's tear while Teresa Wright commiserates.

WHEN Ruth Gordon, the actress, was a senior at Quincy High School, back in 1913, she kept a voluminous diary. One of the most fortunate things ever to happen to her (or practically to anyone) was the showing up of that diary years later when she took some odds and ends out of storage. "On reading it over," she has since related, "it struck me as an astonishingly lively picture of my days that had gone by." When she showed it to Alexander Woolcott he went ahead and discussed it with Edward Weeks, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* who suggested that Miss Gordon use the material as the basis for a series of reminiscences. She did, and published four pieces in the magazine under the title of "Look in Your Glass." The stories, in turn, served as the basis of her successful play, "Years Ago," which ran for a couple of hundred performances on Broadway. Having gone that far, with every bowl a strike, so to speak, Miss Gordon obviously had to go on and adapt diary, stories, and play into a movie scenario. M-G-M was ready and willing for her to do this, and—with George Cukor expertly handling the direction—the result has turned out to be a very diverting movie called **"The Actress."**

What other entertainment forms the original diary will inspire would take crystal ball gazing to determine, but Ruth Gordon Jones, young diarist and would-be actress, is bound to have further reincarnations. Meanwhile, in the movie, it is the ingratiating Jean Simmons who handles the job of bringing her once more to life. She acts well enough to merit a good deal of praise, but I must confess that now and then I felt her to be faintly stodgy, lacking the incandescence of, say, a Julie Harris (or even herself when she was sixteen and altogether charming in "Great Expectations").

The story, as you probably know, tells of a girl singlemindedly set upon becoming an actress. The year 1913 was not an exactly favorable time for a nicely brought-up young high-school senior with such ambitions, especially when her father viewed her as an ideal candidate for a career as a physical instructress. Spencer Tracy, as a settled-down seafarer in Wollaston, is almost good enough to convince us that he isn't Spencer Tracy, which means that he has exerted herculean efforts to get himself out of the mold that years of type-casting had forced him into. The main trouble is that he still looks like Spencer Tracy. Teresa Wright has an equally unorthodox role as Ruth's mother and proves to be capable, if a little youngish.

One very funny scene occurs at the Boston YMCA when Clint Jones tries to impress his daughter with the sheer elan that can come from a life devoted to swinging Indian clubs and engaging in other sedate exercises. But, for the most part, the movie has remained small and intimate in scope, and this is all to the good, for more ornate treatment would certainly have

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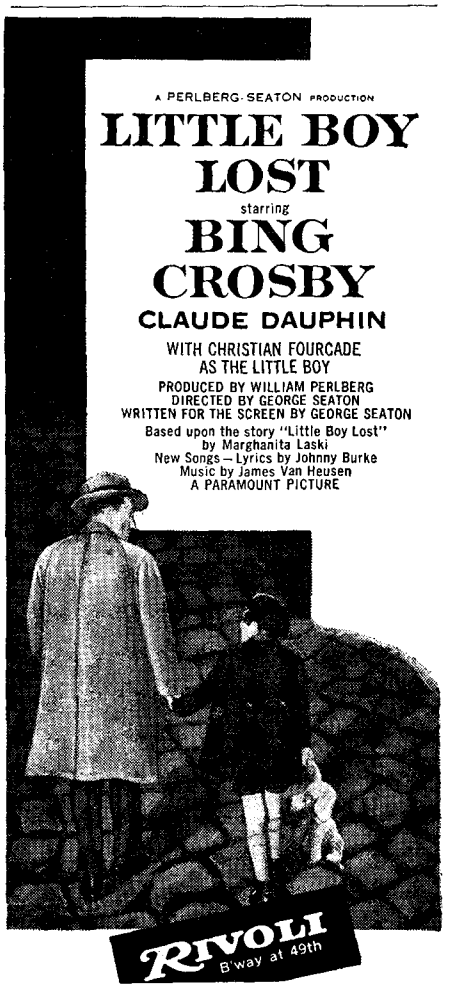
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destroyed the rather frail literacy and nostalgic values of Ruth Gordon's chronicle of her early days.

* * *

"Little Boy Lost" is another of those excursions into sentimentality and wistful charm that Bing Crosby seems to regard as his special field, and if you're the type who goes all to pieces at the sight of a skinny little orphan boy desperately in need of a father, a mother, or both, then prepare to go to pieces when you see this movie. Christian Fourcade, a French boy of nine or so, with hollow eyes, skinny legs, and the most woebegone expression I have yet to see on a child, plays the orphan in search of a father, and Bing Crosby is the father in search of a son. There's a somewhat involved framework explaining why Bing happens to be the father of a French boy, and I won't go into that, but the nub of the story has him looking all over France for a boy he has never seen, and when he finds the little chap who *might* be his son he must then find proof establishing parenthood one way or the other. I found a good deal of this interesting, if a little soppy, and the boy is an extraordinarily appealing little actor. Some French actors, including Claude Dauphin and Gabrielle Dorziat, also contribute some finished performances. Bing Crosby is standard.

* * *

It has been hard to determine from the advance publicity campaign just which advent Twentieth Century-Fox considers of most importance, that of the Lord or of CinemaScope, a "revolutionary" process of wide-angle lens projection. Darryl Zanuck, so the rumors go, has put himself in a Humpty Dumpty position, and if he should fall there's liable to be one hell of a splatter. Just about all of the firm's assets (according to trade talk) have been wadded into the CinemaScope sack. The first production, **"The Robe,"** would appear to be a safe one, since Biblical productions almost never miss at the box office. "The Robe" hardly rises above a routine level during most of its course, but there has been considerable effort to exercise taste in its presentation of New Testament events—unless, of course, one objects in principle to the whole idea of sensationalizing those events.

The cast includes Richard Burton, a Roman tribune put in charge of the crucifixion, Jean Simmons, his fiancee, who eventually joins him in the Kingdom of God, and Victor Mature, an aimless Greek slave, who evidently symbolizes the lowly ones who are to be set free through faith in the new gospels. These three are forced by the turgid script-writing and direction to posture more often than to act, and it would be unfair to judge any of them harshly. Jay Robinson's Caligula is a more lively role, however, and his performance can be said to be so amateurishly handled that it becomes unbearable to watch. Other movies of a similar nature have had more imposing spectacle scenes than this one; with the exception of the crucifixion scenes, "The Robe" gives us little in this respect that is outstanding.

The new wide, curved screen, in common with all technical innovations of the past year or so, is disappointing. I found not the slightest illusion of depth in it. If anything, the images appear to be flatter than those of the ordinary screen, although this impression may have been created by the widespread use of painted backdrops to simulate vistas of Rome and Galilee. The screen used is eighty feet in width and portions of it have a way of going blurry every now and then. This may have been due, however, to faulty projection. One immediately misses the lively pace and movement of old-fashioned movies; the slowdown is probably due to the necessity to set up scenes for long takes. The huge screen must always appear to be filled. At any rate, the two hours and fifteen minutes that "The Robe" runs seem terribly long. At the end of the picture, when Richart Burton and Jean Simmons advance towards the audience, their heads filling the whole screen, their eyes as big as picture windows, I was undeniably frightened.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

The Actress: Reviewed in this issue.
Captain's Paradise: Alec Guinness plays a singularly contented sea captain with a split personality and two very disparate wives. (*SR* Sept. 26)
Roman Holiday: Audrey Hepburn cavorts through the Eternal City with style and winsome insouciance. (*SR* Sept. 5)
The Cruel Sea: A very smooth, very tight, very moving British staging of the Monsarrat novel about a sub-chaser and its war. (*SR* Aug. 22)
The Beggar's Opera: The eighteenth-century opera by John Gay about London lowlife is the scene of cavortings and vocals by Sir Laurence Olivier. (*SR* Aug. 15)
From Here to Eternity: This enormous epic of the Regular Army sprawls across the screen, carrying with it Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (*SR* Aug. 8)
Vice Squad: Edward G. Robinson supervises in a semi-documentary on the Los Angeles detective force. (*SR* Aug. 1)
The Band Wagon: The old master, Fred Astaire, ably assisted by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and a galaxy of Dietz-Schwartz tunes. (*SR* July 25)

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The Transcendent Mousetrap

EARLY in October the North Atlantic battle drill of NATO naval forces, Exercise Mariner, will be striding rough seas to a climactic end. Enemy Orange submarines, planes, and surface raiders will be stalking NATO Blue convoys protected by carriers, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, sea- and shore-based planes. Hunter-killer air groups will be taking photographs, laying mines, searching for raiders; all the vast and complex gear and paraphernalia of modern naval warfare will be in full deploy—portentous spectacle. Yet landlubber I, noting perchance reports of the games in print, will lower my newspaper, forget the jargon of the communiques, and see with my mind's eye each convoy as a gigantic cheese surrounded by large numbers of hungry enemy mice looking for it; and I shall know, furthermore, that both the mice and the mousetraps are very nearsighted. The image will not be mine, of course; only a warrior-mariner with a poet's eye could put it that way, as I heard it recently on "Exercise Mariner," an NBC-TV one-shot program designed to publicize the war games shortly before they began.

He was a British captain, a NATO naval staff officer. He clutched a monocle with his right eyebrow, and I think he held a pointer in his right hand. He was in a simulated briefing room, and he relished his little witticism with an upper-class grin as he explained close defensive effort to a rather bored-looking NBC questioner. The captain's fancy was the program's one creative moment. As he tossed it lightly into the dull, textbook presentation of a high-level briefing session I immediately recalled my own single experience of such a session—at General Mark Clark's headquarters near Florence, I think, when he was Fifth Army commander in Italy during World War II. As an observer, I sat with a group of correspondents in a bare room, one wall covered with a great map, and was briefed on the progress of the Mediterranean campaign. I shall never forget my thrill of discovery when I heard the General begin his operations report with such non-military, non-textbook phrases as: "Well, we kicked off this morning with . . ." and "So-and-so is running with the ball now up at . . ."

Since that day I never believe formal-talk briefings; they are patently false and unconvincing. The NBC-TV public-affairs program was the first television try at presenting an authentic briefing session to the public. It was highly commendable; they should try again. The trouble with "Exercise Mariner" was that it was not the real thing and it was not creative. The NATO officers, chosen from several nations to orient and initiate, were presentable and articulate, but they were out of character, out of idiom, and out of action. They were merely the raw material for a program and not the thing itself. They should have been transcended, as it were, by the producers, as the British officer with the monocle transcended the raw material of his experience with the example of the trap. The literal unfolding of the objectives, strategy, tactics, logistics was comprehensive and accurate, but it was without revelation. You forget it all; you learn nothing. But you never forget the nearsighted mice and mousetraps.

This business of transcending your material, of course, is the very essence of creation; it is also the secret of entertainment, even of TV's popular entertainment. It is not without reason that one definition of the word transcend is "to excel, to surpass, to outdo." That which is excellent and outstanding in art is always so because it rises above categorical boundaries. We need not be metaphysical or mathematical about it. Take so simple a case as "The Storm," the one-hour melodrama with which Westinghouse Summer Theatre (CBS-TV) ended its season recently. A nice girl, flat broke, is befriended by a mysterious young man. He courts, marries, houses her, and arouses evil suspicions. Ultimately, on a lightning-thunder night, he murders his former wife and almost strangles his current wife after she discovers the body in a trunk in the cellar. The show was written by McNight Malmar, suspensefully directed by Matt Harlib; the frightened wife was acted by Georgiann Johnson with rare sensitivity and range. "The Storm," a thriller, managed by the combined talents of its creators to transcend the paper-thin plot and obscure motivation. The transcending element was terror, and this one had it in plenteous amount. The terror was not in the script and floor-plan of the program; it came into being—an extra dimension, a creative commentary—in every nuance of the writing, casting, acting, lighting, and camera work.

NOT to transcend one's raw material is to fail of the creative spark and of interest. A case in point was the premier program of "Excursion," the TV-Radio Workshop's (Ford Foundation) junior edition of "Omnibus," currently available Sunday afternoons on Channel 4. Junior in time as well as age-group ("Excursion" is only a half-hour program), it chose wisely for dramatic offering an episode from Mark Twain's "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," those chapters revolving around the Duke and the King, the two itinerant rascals rafted for a spell down the Mississippi by vagabonding Huck and Jim. Thomas Mitchell played the King with dubious fustian, and Eddie Albert the Duke with several transcendant insights; but whereas in the book the adventures of the two river con men are illuminated with Twain's serio-comic commentary on river life and people now vanished, the TV adaptation never rose above the literal slapstick. The producers assumed no attitude toward their material, invested it with no new dimension; they merely translated it in the technical sense, and that but the poorest part—the low comedy.

So, too, the Philco TV Playhouse opening of its new season, the hour version of "Othello." The Moor (Torrin Thatcher) was there; Iago (Walter Matthau) was there; Act One was not there, as well as other essentials of fulness from the rest of the play. Tragedy was absent, and excitement. Shakespeare, no more and no less than "The Storm," "Exercise Mariner," and "Huck Finn," is merely raw material for TV. Present it unabridged or cut it to nerve ends; that is not important: what is imperative is some transcending element of the new version. Recall Laurence Olivier's film production of "Hamlet." Was not its chief interest point Olivier's Oedipus twist to the Dane? And in the same actor's film "Henry V," was not medieval pictorialism the transcending quality?

If TV creators would seek to define and exploit particular opportunities for transcendence there would certainly be more peak moments on TV screens. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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How to Win Friends and Influence Monarchs

MARGOT FONTEYN in "Sleeping Beauty" following Margot Fonteyn in "Swan Lake" is a refresher course in balletic magic which may prepare one better than the Sadler's Wells people intend for other things to follow in the current season in the Metropolitan Opera House. These are such solid works of this particular repertory, so nourishing in what they offer to the eye and ear, that the subsequent experiences would inevitably have a more than ordinary struggle for consideration on similar terms.

All credit, then, to Frederick Ashton for having evolved in "Homage to the Queen" a work of thoroughly professional integration and style which, being created upon the personnel and capacities of these particular dancers, suits them as comfortably as the striking costumes of Oliver Messel they wear. More than just a *pièce d'occasion*, "Homage" is truly a piece of an occasion, having been danced first on June 2 of this year during the Coronation festivities.

Whether or not the final tableau of direct tribute to the new monarch will tie it irrevocably to this particular happening, the happy notion of evoking the queens of the earth, the waters, fire, and the air, in regal sequence makes for an unquestionably colorful and stimulating sequence. Ashton has ranged freely back and forth through the vocabulary of classical ballet, choosing his words so carefully, so to speak, that the personal syntax called "style" is strongly evident. Perhaps he is a shade garrulous now and then, and a bit of elaboration could be spared here and there, but the attendant subtleties of idea and action more than compensate.

As a typical item, one may mention the episode in the *pas de deux* of Fonteyn, as queen of the air, and Michael Somes, as her consort, which finds Somes, at the end of his solo, in an attitude on one knee, arms outstretched. Conventionally, he should rise to take his applause; when he didn't one could only await with anticipation how Ashton would get him out of this dilemma. With the aid of Fonteyn, the "dilemma" turns into an opportunity for a brilliant new maneuver in which one is gratified on all counts of movement, action, and invention. Each of the queens—Nadia Nerina, Violetta Elvin, and Rowenna Jackson—are treated in the spirit of the realms they rule with all sorts of little divertissements and solos introduced for such "attendants" as John Hart, Brian Shaw, Avril Navarre, etc. And just when the final tableau seems about to miss its point (the scenery didn't seem to be behaving quite according to plan) the organization and purpose of the grouping illuminated the whole stage.

"Homage to the Queen" is a lengthy work—close on three-quarters of an hour—and no little of its effect is involved with the success or failure of Malcolm Arnold to write a score that would carry this much action. It is, in balletic terms, surefooted, rather than just surehanded musically, but for all its restatement of well-tried procedures (Prokofiev's, particularly) it carries a fantasy and interest of its own that promise well for future works of Arnold. The art of composing to a prescribed plan of tempi and moods is not to be mastered in a single work, but Arnold has encompassed the necessary with an embellishment of the unexpected that is greatly to his credit. "Homage" is one of the most eye-filling of the Sadler's Wells works, scenically, and the audience gave back, in applause, enough approval to testify that whatever the impulse by which it was motivated "Homage" is a sound addition to the Sadler's Wells inventory.

SHARING attention as a "new" work on the evening that introduced "Homage" was John Cranko's "The Shadow," based on a scenario of his own and danced to the E minor Suite of Dohnanyi. Cranko's quest for choreographic identity has ranged from the jollity of "Pineapple Poll" to the introspection of "Harlequin in April," with "The Shadow" embodying some of the heavy thinking of the latter with the Massine-ish traits of the former. It was, in a way, good to see that someone has remembered the qualities of "Choreartium" (Massine's treatment of the Brahms Symphony No. 4) since they seem to be out of view, otherwise, on their own.

One would have a warmer esteem for Cranko's work had it revalued its antecedents more freely and independently, not depended so wholly on past devices. Also, in undertaking to make a good theatrical point (the possessive "shadow" which keeps the lovers—Svetlana Beriosova and Philip Chatfield—apart, is revealed at an appropriate moment as a fraud) the power of the engaging score is repeatedly denied or turned aside. Withal, Cranko shows a decided talent for moving considerable numbers of people around, for building a work with continuity and contrast, and engaging the interest of an audience. His next obligation, to repay the considerable opportunities he has received, is to make his work as strong subjectively as it is objectively.

The first full week of the season was otherwise notable for launching Rowena Jackson, Violetta Elvin, and Nadia Nerina on the slippery path of successor to Miss Fonteyn in "Swan Lake" and "Sleeping Beauty." Miss Elvin's performance as both swan and princess was more notable for mechanics than for illusion; but Miss Jackson showed an impressive poetic feeling as well as excellent bodily discipline in "Swan Lake." However, if it is a question of assigning credits to the younger ballerinas, Svetlana Beriosova clearly earned the most of them with her Lilac Fairy in "Sleeping Beauty." We all know, from her appearances here with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, that Miss Beriosova is a performer of uncommon technical solidity; but her Lilac Fairy showed also that she has style, humanity, and the kind of warm believability that wins audiences.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

A Delicate Fame

By *Amanda Benjamin Hall*

IT IS enough—it is enough
but once to taste of glory briefly
from out the gloom-gray webby stuff
of which our lives are fashioned
chiefly.

Today I, snail-like, inched to town
(and spiritually paced no faster)—
the clouds hung dark and all awry
like dirty linen of the sky,
nor had I semblance of renown
or luster . . .

Then suddenly the sun was bared
and shone—one might have called
it 'garish'—
but rather it was like a sword
drawn from the scabbard with a
flourish,

and land and harbor, house and
packet
grew bright as in some heavenly
game,
and home I walked in a gilded jacket,
having a delicate fame . . .

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THE low-power thunderbolt which this column recently directed against "librarians who paste jackets, card-pockets, and date-slips over maps, genealogical tables, or other useful inside-cover material" brought a variety of responses in a variety of emotions from a variety of places. From the Richmond Memorial Library, Batavia, New York, comes a thrust at publishers who use end-papers with such a high glaze that "nothing will stick to them." Selia J. French of the Kansas Traveling Libraries Commission sends us from Topeka a clip from the *A.L.A. Bulletin* containing a paper by Louis Towley on "The Mystery of the Violated Endpapers." Elaine Boylan, Librarian, Centro Venezolano, Caracas, Venezuela, writes: "A person who mutilates decorated pastedowns and flyleaves is no good librarian. Such vandalism is one of the first things a library-school student is taught to avoid. How about a society for unfrocking any librarian who commits such a crime?" Ruth E. Berghli of the San Diego County (California) Library and William J. Hamilton, director of the Dayton (Ohio) Public Library, both advance a point that should carry some weight with publishers. Mr. Hamilton cites as "the librarians' special hate this week (also next week): Publishers who print maps, genealogical tables or other useful material on inside covers, thus permanently depriving our readers of such 'useful materials' after the first twenty-five circulations when books must be sent off to be rebound and original covers are lost."

* * *

Within the past half-century, according to *Graphic Arts Monthly*, the printing industry in America has grown three times as fast as the population. Come another half-century those things we're going to be knee-deep in won't be babies but words.

* * *

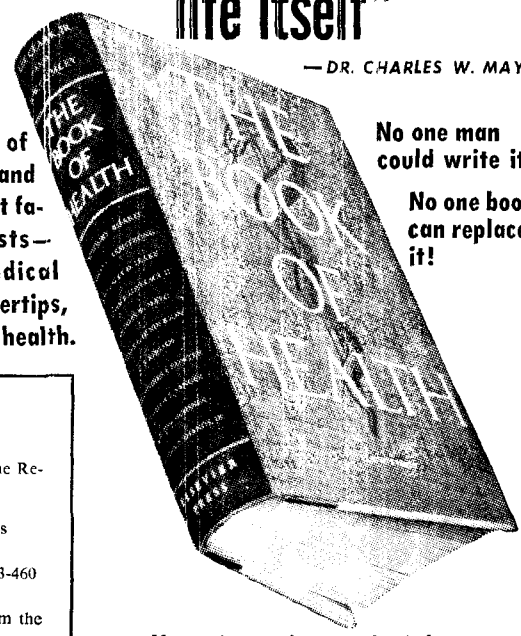
Records of the Eighty-fifth Indiana Volunteers, which was created for Civil War service, have been found under the floor of an old Terre Haute hotel in process of demolition. Back in 1865 the regimental adjutant evidently got fed up with Army paperwork.

* * *

Harvard's Houghton Library has acquired a copy of the first cookbook ever printed—Rome, 1474, the work of one Bartolomaeus Platina. We trust a committee is already shaping up to celebrate the 500th anniversary of this noble production with a magnificent banquet featuring something á la Platina. —J. T. W.

"This book can save families many dollars —and perhaps life itself"

—DR. CHARLES W. MAYO



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The SR's Critic Poll for Fall

Continued from page 23

dresses on things nautical and historical, by the eminent naval historian and professor of history at Harvard. (Derrickson, Shockley.)

THE FIELDS OF HOME. *By Ralph Moody. W. W. Norton & Co.* $3.50.
The further adventures of the author as a boy, continuing the material brought out in two earlier books. Here, his family moves East from Colorado, and he goes to work on his grandfather's farm, to heave rocks and tangle with the old man, who is a terror. (Smith, Snadjr.)

THE FLOWERS OF FRIENDSHIP. *Edited by Donald S. Gallup. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
A collection of letters written to Gertrude Stein through the decades of her literary queenship of Expatria in Europe. (Cady, Derrickson.)

THE GREAT CORINTHIAN: *A Portrait of the Prince Regent. By Doris Leslie. Oxford University Press.* $3.50.
A biography of the "first gentleman of Europe," the Prince Regent, who later became George IV, portrayed against the colorful backdrop of late eighteenth-century England—the century of Pitt, "Mad George," and the Revolution. (Herzberg, Yeiser.)

HEAD AND HEART OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. *By John Dos Passos. Doubleday & Co.* $5.
The youth of the third President, the first panel in a full biography, by the noted novelist. (Cady, Wyllie.)

HENRY CABOT LODGE. *By John A. Garraty. Alfred A. Knopf.* $6.
A biography of the present Cabot Lodge's controversial grandfather, who was, of course, the man mainly responsible for keeping the U.S. from the League of Nations, and who was as well an aristocratic, somewhat reactionary member of the old school of Republican Senators. (Rogers, Shockley.)

THE HILL OF DEVI. *By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $4.
A collection of letters by the present Dean of English Novelists, written from India to friends and family in England from 1912-1913 and in 1921, when the author returned to India as secretary to the Maharajah of Dewas. (Dolbier, Paulus.)

THE ORDEAL OF GEORGE MEREDITH. *By Lionel Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $6.
A critical biography of the great English poet and novelist of the high Victorian era. (Hass, Smith.)

POETRY AND THE AGE. *By Randall Jarrell. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.
Mr. Jarrell, who is a good poet and a good critic, has here brought together a collection of his critical essays which first appeared in the *Partisan Review*, the *Kenyon Review*, and the *Nation*. (Hass, O'Neill.)

PORTRAIT OF ANDRE GIDE. *By Justin O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf.* $6.
A critical biography of the late French writer and thinker by the editor and translator of Gide's "Journals." (Tinkle, Yeiser.)

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER PRIME MINISTERS. *By Algernon Cecil. Oxford University Press.* $6.
A series of portraits by the late English historian and biographer of the relationships Queen Victoria had with her various Prime Ministers—Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Rosebery, and Salisbury, who was, incidentally, the author's uncle. (Paulus, Smith.)

RUSSIA: *A History and Interpretation. By Michael T. Florinsky. Macmillan Co.* $15.
A two-volume history and interpretation of Russia from the establishment of the Kievan state to the outbreak of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917. (Rothermel, Shockley.)

SPLENDID POSEUR: *Joaquin Miller. By M. M. Marberry. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* $3.75.
A biography of the largely forgotten American poet ("Columbus") and rascal who was the toast of two continents circa 1900. (Bradley, Wyllie.)

A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX. *By Bruce Catton. Doubleday & Co.* $5.
A popular history of the concluding chapter of the Civil War by a writer who has previously written on that conflict in "Glory Road" and other volumes. (Paulus, Wyllie.)

VERMONT TRADITION: *The Biography of an Outlook on Life. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Little, Brown & Co.* $4.50.
An informal history of the State of Vermont by one of its most prominent settlers. (Babcock, Bond.)

THE WILD PLACE. *By Kathryn Hulme. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.75.
A documentary account of several years which the author spent as a member of an UNRRA field team in a Polish D. P. camp after the war. The winner of the Atlantic Monthly Press Non-fiction Prize. (Bond, Cross.)

ONE VOTE

AN AUTUMN IN ITALY. *By Sean O'Faolain. Devin-Adair.* $3.50.
A travel book based on a short trip the author took recently through the southern sections of Italy. (Yeiser.)

BALLADS MIGRANT IN NEW ENGLAND. *By Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney. Farrar, Straus & Young.* $6.
A collection of 96 songs, together with comments on their history. (Bradley.)

BEN JONSON OF WESTMINSTER. *By Marchette Chute. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $4.50.
A biography of that ebullient and scholarly elf who, as Shakespeare's friend and England's first Poet Laureate, wrote some of the best poetry, drama, and criticism in the English language. (Bond.)

THE BEST OF TWO WORLDS. *By Joseph Wood Krutch. William Sloane Assoc.* $3.
A collection of easy-going pieces, somewhat akin to the author's "The Twelve Seasons" (1949), about his new-found life in the sun-soaked West, with special attention to its fauna and flora. (Jackson.)

BEYOND CONTAINMENT: *The New U. S. Policy Towards Russia. By William Henry Chamberlain. Henry Regnery Co.* $5.
A study by an able journalist of the present impasse the Communist and non-Communist camps of the world have reached, including an analysis of the events that have brought that condition about, and some suggestions as to its alleviation. (Cady.)

BIG BILL OF CHICAGO. *By Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $4.
A biography of William Hale Thompson, the Chicago mayor who once offered to give King George V a punch in the nose. (Babcock.)

BLIND WHITE FISH IN PERSIA. *By Anthony Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.75.
The story of a four-man expedition from Oxford that went to Southern Persia in search of geographical, botanical, chemical, and zoological information. (Douglas.)

THE BOAT. *By Walter Gibson. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $2.
A brief retelling of the author's incredible experiences after the torpedoing of his ship off Malaya in the last war. He, a Chinese girl, and two Jap soldiers were the only survivors after four weeks in a twenty-eight-man lifeboat, into which 135 people had been crowded when the ship went down. (Rogers.)

BRING ON THE GIRLS. *By P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.
A memoir by Mr. Wodehouse, lyrics, and Mr. Bolton, music, about their adventures in the palmier days of the musical theatre when Ziegfeld, Marilyn Miller, Gershwin, Marion Davies, Jimmie Walker, and Gertrude Lawrence were around. (Cady.)

CEILING UNLIMITED. *By Lloyd Morris and Kendall Smith. The Macmillan Co.* $6.50
A layman's history of aviation in this country during the past half century, brought out to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Wright brothers' heroic doings at Kitty Hawk. (Hormel.)

CHEYENNE AUTUMN. *By Mari Sandoz. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $4.
The third volume in a projected six-volume study of the trans-Missouri country from the Stone Age to the present. This one concerns the twilight days of the Cheyenne Indians. (Bradley.)

CHURCH, STATE AND FREEDOM. *By Leo Pfeffer. The Beacon Press.* $10.
A full-scale study of the complicated relationships of church and state in this country, and of such matters as the banning of the moving picture "The Miracle," Federal aid to parochial schools, and the sending of an American Ambassador to the Vatican. (Derrickson.)

COMING DOWN THE SEINE. *By Robert Gibbings. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $4.50.
Another in the author's series of leisurely travel books. This one is about floating down the Seine in an eleven-foot boat, with many a glance toward the wines, foods, and culture to be had on either bank. (Douglas.)

DEAD MAN IN THE SILVER MARKET. *By Aubrey Menen. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.
A string of personal reminiscences about the author's Irish mother and Indian father, an English upbringing, and the collapse as he has observed it of the Colonial system. (Hormel.)

ELIZABETH I AND HER PARLIAMENTS. *By J. E. Neale. British Book Centre.* $5.50.
The first section of a study of Elizabeth I and her Parliaments, covering the years between 1559 and 1581, by a professor of English history at the University of London. (Dolbier.)

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE. *Donald E. Keyhoe. Henry Holt & Co.* $3.
A retired Air Force major, who believes that flying saucers are the real thing, states the case for his conviction. (Hormel.)

FROM COLONY TO PROVINCE. *By Perry Miller. Harvard University Press.* $6.50.
Professor Miller continues his intellectual history of New England with this account of the theology and philosophy practised in Bay Province from the founding of Boston until the 1690's. (Dolbier.)

The Critics

THIS is the fifth autumn *The Saturday Review* has asked the book editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the new books they believe merit the attention of discriminating readers. The twenty-seven editors participating in this season's poll are listed below:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
HOWARD DERRICKSON, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday Times*
OLIVE DEAN HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
JOHN D. PAULUS, *Pittsburgh Press*
W. G. ROGERS, Associated Press
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*
RAY SHOCKLEY, *Atlanta Journal*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNADJR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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A FRONT ROW SEAT. *By Nicholas Roosevelt. University of Oklahoma Press.* $4.50.
The reminiscences of a man who has been attache to the American embassy in Paris, newspaper correspondent, vice-governor of the Philippines, U.S. minister to Hungary, and deputy director of the OWI. (Douglas.)

THE GREAT IRON SHIP. *By James Dugan. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
The history of a white elephant of a ship called the *Great Eastern*, which was built in 1858, was the largest ship in the world until the 1900's, and was responsible during its existence for bankruptcies, the sinking of twelve ships, lawsuits, and the laying of the first Atlantic cable. (Flowers.)

HITLER'S SECRET CONVERSATIONS. *By Adolf Hitler. Translated by Norman Cameron and R. H. Stevens. Farrar, Straus, & Young.* $6.50.
The table talk of Hitler as transcribed from 1941-44, with a long introduction by H. R. Trevor-Roper on "The Mind of Adolf Hitler." (Little.)

THE HOUSE THAT NINO BUILT. *By Giovanni Guareschi. Translated by Frances Lanza. Farrar, Straus & Young.* $3.
Reminiscences about his own family—his wife, two children, and a cat—and their life in Italy, by the author of "Don Camillo." (Paulus.)

IDEAS AND PLACES. *By Cyril Connolly. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
A collection of essays, literary and otherwise, by the eminent English litterateur, taken from the now-defunct *Horizon* magazine, of which Mr. Connolly was editor and founder. (Yeiser.)

LA FIESTA BRAVA. *By Barnaby Conrad. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $5.
A novelist who was once a bull-fighter in Spain describes the history of the "sport" and the techniques of each phase of the game. Well illustrated with photographs. (Flowers.)

LAND BIRDS OF AMERICA. *By Robert Cushman Murphy and Dean Amadon. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $12.50.
A big, beautiful album of color photographs of nearly every species of North American land birds shown in their habitat (Hormel.)

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. *By Ernest M. Jones. Basic Books.* $6.75.
The first volume of a projected three-volume biography and analysis of the life and work of Freud. In this one, we are taken from his birth in 1856 to 1900, years which covered his marriage, experiments with cocaine, and early work in self-analysis. Dr. Jones is the last living member of the "Committee of Eight" who worked closely with Freud. (Snadjr.)

MAN, TIME, AND FOSSILS. *By Ruth Moore. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.75.
The evolution of man, told through the findings of such as Darwin, Lamarck, Cope, DeVries, Mendel, Wright, Fisher, and Haldane. (Kogan.)

MARCEL AND ELISE. *By Marcel Jouhandeau. Translated by Martin Turnell. Pantheon Books.* $3.50.
M. Jouhandeau, who is a respected French writer and a self-termed *"chroniquer,"* has written here an intimate account of his marriage to Elise, which runs from their marriage in 1929 to the present. (Yeiser.)

MUSIC AS AN ART. *By Herbert Weinstock. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $6.
A critical study of Western music that extends from the Gregorian chants to the work of Schoenberg, Stravinsky, and Hindemith. (Barkham.)

THE NIGHT THE OLD NOSTALGIA BURNED DOWN. *By Frank Sullivan. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.
A collection of pieces by a reputable member of the old established firm of White, Thurber, & Sullivan, Inc. (Hass.)

NORTH. *By Kaare Rodahl. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
A civilian-scientist's account of the recent Project Icicle, undertaken by the U. S. Government in Arctic areas for exploratory and military purposes. (Shockley.)

PERIOD PIECE. *By Gwen Raverat. W. W. Norton & Co.* $3.75.
Miss Raverat is the granddaughter of Charles Darwin, and in these memoirs she recounts her earlier days in Cambridge, England, with an American mother and English father, the toils of attending English boarding schools, the freakishness of relatives, and social codes as remote as the laws of Hammurabi. (Hormel.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SANTAYANA. *Edited by Irwin Edman. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $6.50.
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Has "modernism" been a will-o'-the-wisp, leading our dramatists into a literary bog?

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By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
DRAMA CRITIC AND AUTHOR

THE WORKS of Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, Pirandello, Synge, O'Neill, Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, and other playwrights are examined. Mr. Krutch shows how these dramatists reflect in their plays new social ideas and concepts of man about his own nature. These "modern" concepts lead to increasingly pessimistic and negativistic plays, in Mr. Krutch's opinion, but he raises the question, however, whether some of the newer dramas may not foreshadow a return to older, more absolute values and a sense of cultural continuity. *149 pages.* **$2.75**

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a wide sampling of the philosophical writings of Santayana. (Derrickson.)

PURPLE PASSAGE: *The Life of Mrs. Frank Leslie. By Madeleine B. Stern. University of Oklahoma Press.* $3.75.
The nineteenth-century lady who became respectable as the editor-publisher of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* had a checkered career on her way up. (Little.)

ROGER WILLIAMS. *By Perry Miller. Bobbs-Merrill.* **$3.**
A biography of the founder of the Rhode Island colony, who is considered by many to have been America's first genuine democratic thinker. (Rogers.)

ROUND RIVER: *From the Journals of Aldo Leopold. Edited by Luna B. Leopold. Oxford University Press.* $3.
Selections from the diaries and essays, previously unpublished, of a well-known naturalist, and edited by his son. Illustrated by Charles W. Schwartz. (Bradley.)

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN FEMALE. *By Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, Clyde E. Martin, and Paul H. Gebhard. W. B. Saunders Co.* $8.
The second statistical report on sexual life in America today by Dr. Kinsey and his associates. (Herzberg.)

SHERIDAN THE INEVITABLE. *By Richard O'Connor.* Bobbs-Merrill Co. $4.50.
A full-scale biography of Philip Sheridan, who, although he graduated low in his class from West Point, was short, weighed only about 125 lbs., and was an inept politician, was nevertheless one of the best Civil War generals. (Cady.)

SOUTHERN ACCENT: *From Uncle Remus to Oak Ridge. By William T. Polk. William Morrow & Co.* $4.
A panorama of the New South, with its combination of lingering antebellum charm and bustling industrial efficiency. (Paulus.)

THE TERROR MACHINE. *By Gregory Klimov. Frederick A. Praeger.* $4.
The experiences of an expatriate Russian who is now living in the West. (Derrickson.)

THE THEATRE IN THE FIFTIES. *By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50
A new collection of dramatic criticism on the contemporary theatre here and abroad by the Voltaire of Broadway. (Kogan.)

THE TRACK OF ANCIENT MAN. *By Henry Field. Doubleday & Co.* $5.95.
A prominent anthropologist-explorer tells something about his own life story and the fascinations and methods of his calling. (Flowers.)

A TREASURY OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY. *Edited by Anne Fremantle. Viking Press.* $6.
A collection of little-known and hard-to-come-by writings that deal with all sides of the early Christian Church, through letters, essays, meditations, poetry, clarification of dogma, etc. (Paulus.)

THE WORLD BETWEEN THE WARS. *By Quincy Howe. Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.
Volume Two of Mr. Howe's projected three-volume history of the modern world. This one takes us from 1918 through to the Munich agreement. (Shockley.)

VAGRANT VIKING. *By Peter Freuchen. Julian Messner.* $5.
The life story of a colorful Arctic explorer. (Paulus.)

Fiction

ELEVEN VOTES

THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH. *By Saul Bellow. Viking Press.* $4.50.
A novel of Homeric proportions about a young man named Augie March who, after his birth in Chicago, proceeds through the Twenties and Thirties to the present, engaging in a series of experiences so varied and wondrous as to make Ulysses blink with admiration. (Barkham, Cross, Dolbier, Flowers, Herzberg, Kogan, Jackson, Little, O'Neill, Rogers, Tinkle.)

EIGHT VOTES

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE. *By Alan Paton. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.
Mr. Paton's second novel deals with a young South African Boer who, involved with a Negro girl, breaks the unbreakable codes of the Afrikaaners. (Barkham, Bond, Cross, Derrickson, Douglas, Flowers, O'Neil, Tinkle.)

SEVEN VOTES

THE MARMOT DRIVE. *By John Hersey. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
Mr. Hersey's new novel involves the storms-within-a-teacup which revolve around one Eben Avered, a resident of a small Connecticut town. The title refers to a woodchuck hunt that is the springboard of the story. (Babcock, Barkham, Bradley, Cross, Jackson, Paulus, Wyllie.)

THREE VOTES

THE HEMINGWAY READER. *Edited by Charles Poore. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $5.
A wide selection from Poppa's total work, including "The Sun Also Rises" (complete), many of the short stories, and fragments of "A Farewell to Arms," "Death in the Afternoon," "The Green Hills of Africa," etc. (Bradley, Derrickson, Hass.)

A LAW FOR THE LION. *By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.
In his second novel—"Sybil" (1952) was his first—Mr. Auchincloss, who is a pleasant, facile writer, tells of a young lady bred within the narrow walls of Wall Street, Park Avenue, and the North Shore of Long Island, and of how, through a broken marriage and sacrificed children, she finds her proper milieu. (Douglas, Rogers, Smith.)

MARRIED MEN. *By Ira Wolfert. Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.
A novel that weighs around three pounds about a man who arrives in a Midwestern city at the turn of the century, marries a wealthy girl, and becomes a successful businessman and the owner of several factories. (Bradley, Little, Rothermel.)

THE STORY OF ESTHER COSTELLO. *By Nicholas Monsarrat. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
The author of "The Cruel Sea" writes of a monstrous fraud which bilks the gullible in England and the U.S., and involves a deaf, dumb, and blind girl. (Douglas, Little, Wyllie.)

THURBER COUNTRY. *By James Thurber. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
A compilation of new reports from the mesmeric Land of Thurber, including some stories and a lot of personal reminiscence first run in *The New Yorker*, The *Bermudian, Holiday,* and *Cosmopolitan.* (Kogan, Sherman, Wyllie.)

THE UNCONQUERED. *By Ben Ames Williams. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $5.
The final volume of the late Mr. Williams's saga of a Southern family begun in a "House Divided." This one deals with the days of Reconstruction. (Bond, O'Neill, Smith.)

TWO VOTES

BROTHER TO DRAGONS. *By Robert Penn Warren. Random House.* $3.50.
An epic poem by a king-size writer about a murder committed in Kentucky in 1811 by two brothers who are the nephews of Thomas Jefferson. (Rothermel, Tinkle.)

THE CREST OF THE BROKEN WAVE. *By James Barke. The Macmillan Co.* $3.50.
The fourth volume, in a projected five-volume series, of a fictional life of Robert Burns. This covers the years 1788-91. (Hass, Rothermel.)

A HANDFUL OF BLACKBERRIES. *By Ignazio Silone. Translated by Dorina Silone. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
A new novel by the fine Italian writer ("Bread and Wine") about an engineer in post-war Italy who quits the Communist Party in disillusionment after many years' membership. (Dolbier, Kogan.)

THE HEART OF THE FAMILY. *By Elizabeth Goudge. Coward-McCann.* $3.75.
The third part of a fictional chronicle begun in 1940 in "The Bird in the Tree" and continued in "Pilgrim's Inn" (1948). (Douglas, Rothermel.)

IN LOVE. *By Alfred Hayes. Harper & Bros.* $2.75.
A novel, in terms of flesh and feelings, about a love affair which ends in the loss of a child and a broken marriage (Rothermel, Tinkle.)

IN THE CASTLE OF MY SKIN. *By George Lamming. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.75.
An autobiographical first novel about his growing up in Barbados in the West Indies, by a young West Indian Negro. (Jackson, Kogan.)

MAUGHAM'S CHOICE OF KIPLING'S BEST. *Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
In order to break *this* year's statement by Mr. Maugham that he is through with books and writing forever, here is a collection of sixteen of Kipling's stories complete with an introductory essay. (Cady, Hass.)

A PASSAGE IN THE NIGHT. *By Sholem Asch. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $3.75.
A novel set in present-day America about a successful man who becomes obsessed with the idea that he must right a wrong done to a poor man many years before—the man who originally had given him his start in the world. (Babcock, Flowers.)

THE SANDS OF KARAKORUM. *By James Ramsey Ullman. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.50.
A novel about Frank Knight, a correspondent at large, who carries on a symbolic search through China to the black sands of Karakorum for some former missionary friends. (Jackson, O'Neill.)

THE THIRD ANGEL. *By Jerome Weidman. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
A new one by Mr. Weidman, whose pen is as sharp as a pin, about the turmoils—crooked and otherwise—that are engendered when a national shrine is created in a town in posh Fairfield County, Conn. (Herzberg, Snadjr.)

THE WANDERER. *By Alain-Fournier. Translated by F. Delisle. British Book Centre.* $2.75.
This work of a twenty-seven-year older who died in 1914 is considered a minor classic of French romantic writing. (Hass, Yeiser.)

ONE VOTE

BEAUTY FOR ASHES. *By Christopher La Farge. Coward-McCann.* $4.
Mr. LaFarge's second novel in verse—"Hoxie Sells His Acres" was the first—deals with the domestic tragedies wrought by pettiness and malicious gossip in a Rhode Island town. (Flowers.)

THE BETRAYERS. *By Ruth Chatterton. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.50.
Miss Chatterton who, with her second book —"Homeword Borne"(1950) was the first one —becomes a Lady of the Pen, has written here a novel about a Senator and his wife who get themselves embroiled in the gluey proceedings of a Senate investigation. (Snadjr.)

THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI. *By James A. Michener. Random House.* $2.50.
A novella which first ran in *Life*, the new fiction weekly, concerning the experiences of an American Navy flier in Korea. (O'Neill.)

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF O. HENRY. *With a foreword by Harry Hansen. Doubleday & Co. Two vols.* $10.
A complete edition of O. Henry's short stor-

Arrogant Oak

By Jeannette Chappell

TWISTED monolith, impervious to storm,
Divulge the secret of your hardihood.
Is it in tap-roots bedded in deep soil?
Is it in branches straining toward the stars?

Puritan-rigid, you mortify the wind.
Laughter ripples from your unbowed crown
To taunt the slow, spent lashing of the gale.

If ever you should meet atomic air,
Will there be ears—or laughter, anywhere?

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Four Million," "The Heart of the West," "The Gentle Grafter," "Roads of Destiny," "Cabbages and Kings," "Options," "The Voice of the City," "Sixes and Sevens," et al. (Cady.)

THE DEEP SLEEP. *By Wright Morris. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
Mr. Morris's third novel takes place in the home of a Philadelphia judge the day after his death. Through the minds of his wife, his mother, his daughter, and son-in-law, who are all present, the judge, as four different people compositely knew him, is re-created. (Rogers.)

THE ENCHANTED CUP. *By Dorothy James Roberts. Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $3.75.
A novel based on Malory's version of the legend of Tristan and Isoud. (Rogers.)

THE FEMALE. *By Paul Wellman. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
An historical novel which ought to blunderbuss its way onto the best-seller list in short order. It is about Theodora, the wife of the Emperor Justinian (6th Century A.D.)—a lady who has had vats of ink spilled about her down through the years. (Smith.)

THE FOUR LIVES OF MUNDY TOLLIVER. *By Ben Lucien Burman. Julian Messner.* $3.75.
A novel dealing with the peregrinations of one Mundy Tolliver, a World War II veteran, who roams the various backwater areas of the South in search of a wife, a home, and a job, all of which he eventually finds. (Jackson.)

GOODBYE, SUMMER. *By Allis McKay. Macmillan Co.* $3.50.
A sequel to the author's "They Came to a River" (1941), involving the further adventures and growing up of a young man in the early days of the Columbia River Valley. (Snadjr.)

HORNBLOWER AND THE ATROPOS. *By C. S. Forester. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.50.
No bet should be placed, but this may be the end of the Hornblower saga, for here Mr. Forester takes us back to young Captain Hornblower's very first command, aboard the good ship *Atropos*. (Shockley.)

THE INNOCENT KNIGHTS. *By Gil Buhet. Viking Press.* $3.50.
A novel of tomfoolery and hocus-pocus in a provincial French village, where a schoolmaster erroneously accuses six of his students of filching some honey from his bee hives. (Douglas.)

LAND OF STRANGERS. *By Lillian Budd. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.50.
A novel of a gracious but unsteady Swedish immigrant who settles with his family in Chicago in the early days of the present century. (Babcock.)

LEAVING HOME. *By Elizabeth Janeway. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
Miss Janeway's fourth novel deals with two sisters and their brother in New York and its suburbs in the 1930's, and their attempt to find some sort of tradition or security. (Tinkle.)

LORD VANITY. *By Samuel Shellabarger. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.95.
A historical pudding by a masterly chef. This one concerns the progress of a rake born in Venice in 1757, who spends his days as a lover, an actor, a galley slave, a soldier with Wolfe in Canada, and an English spy. (Cross.)

LOVE IS A BRIDGE. *By Charles Bracelen Flood. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.75.
The marriages and divorces of a well-bred St. Mark's-Harvard-Europe American. (Rothernel.)

THE LYING DAYS. *By Nadine Gordimer. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.
The author's first novel follows her first col-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Pierre de Ronsard, Luis de Camoens. 2. Christopher Marlowe, William Shakespeare. 3. Ben Jonson, John Donne. 4. Richard Steele, Joseph Addison. 5. J. S. Bach, G. F. Handel. 6. Jane Austen, Charles Lamb. 7. Alfred Tennyson, Charles Darwin. 8. Charles Kingsley, Herman Mellville. 9. Samuel Butler, Mark Twain. 10. Robert Bridges, Gerard M. Hopkins.

In the little town of Kalavryta, Greece, where Kathy lives, most of the women wear black. Grief and the memory of horror are still alive from the massacre of the town's 1200 men and young boys by the Nazis. The world recoiled at this atrocity, but has forgotten; the hundreds of widows and returned soldiers must live in poverty and desolation.

It is in this atmosphere that Kathy grows up, an innocent victim of man's inhumanity to man. At 8, she desperately needs clothes and already suffers from malnutrition which makes her especially vulnerable to tuberculosis. With two younger brothers, she and her parents live in a single bare room. Her war veteran father is a bus driver and earns *$7 a week,* not enough for even the barest essentials.

Kathy is too young to fear the bleak future that already casts a shadow over her and her family. An attractive lively girl with brown eyes and hair, she loves school, tops her 2nd grade class.

It is a question of stark survival. Kathy's future will be made brighter and healthier by your generosity in helping to assist her now. For us it is so little, for her and her family it is everything—it is life itself.

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You can help Kathy or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just $96 a year ($8 a month), SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, or Yugoslavia. Or you can sponsor a child in Korea for $10 a month.

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Serpent" (1952)—and is set, like the stories, in South Africa. (Dolbier.)

MAUD MARTHA. *By Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper & Bros. $2.*
Miss Brooks, who is a poet, here gives us a novel about a Negro girl raised in the slum section of a Midwestern city, her marriage to a man who likes the dicty glide, and her daughter, who cannot understand why a department store Santa Claus will not smile at her. (Bradley.)

THE MUSTARD SEED. *By Vicki Baum. Dial Press. $3.95.*
A rambunctious tale about a so-called "miracle healer" from Italy—handsome, young, bronzed—who settles in Southern California to pit his wizardry against the special magic grown there. (Snadjr.)

NOBODY SAY A WORD. *By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt & Co. $3.*
A new collection of short stories by the noted poet, critic, and teacher. (Rothermel.)

ONE. *By David Karp. Vanguard Press. $3.50.*
Spies, inquisitors, State papers, and such skullduggeries in a totalitarian state of the future. (Kogan.)

THE PALM-WINE DRINKARD. *By Amos Tutuola. Grove Press. $2.75.*
The odyssey of an African palm-wine drinkard through a myriad of adventures. (Yeiser.)

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST. *By Ivy Compton-Burnett. Julian Messner. $3.50.*
A new exercise in morality, by the acidulous author of "Bullivant and the Lambs," about a loving but unloved Englishman named Cassius Clare. (Yeiser.)

THE QUEST. *By Elizabeth Langgässer. Translated by Jane Bannard Greene. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.*
A novel, by one of Germany's best postwar writers, now dead, about seven warlorn people who travel together to the sanctuary of a convent run by one Mother Demetrius, a powerful, wise woman. (Yeiser.)

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. *By Elizabeth Taylor. Viking Press. $3.*
A new work of fiction by an accomplished English novelist, dealing with a woman who, by dint of plastic surgery following a bad automobile accident, suddenly finds she is beautiful. (Rogers.)

SOMEONE LIKE YOU. *By Roald Dahl. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.*
A collection of Mr. Dahl's short stories, most of which deal with horror in the parlor, and which place him as a direct literary descendant of Poe, Saki, and W. W. Jacobs. (Barkham.)

THE SOUNDING BRASS. *By Edythe Latham. Little, Brown & Co. $4.50.*
A novel about several generations—stretching from the Nineties to the present—of a family in the American South. (Bradley.)

A SUNSET TOUCH. *By Howard Spring. Harper & Bros. $3.50.*
Mr. Spring's latest concerns a middle-aged man who inherits his family's ancestral home in a small Cornish village, immediately buries himself in the past, meets two ladies—one good, one not, who, with their combined efforts, bring him back to a respectable present. (Flowers.)

311 CONGRESS COURT. *By Richard Sullivan. Henry Holt & Co. $3.*
311 Congress Court is the address of a big old house in a small town, and this novel has to do with its tenants—the Webber family—and a capricious landlord named McClay. (Cady.)

THE TIME OF THE GRINGO. *By Elliott Arnold. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.*
Historical fiction set in New Mexico when that state was ruled by the Mexican tyrant, Don Manuel Armijo. (Bond.)

THE TRUANTS. *By J. C. Badcock. Pantheon Books. $2.75.*
The story of a year in the lives of two young English boys, who, although great nature lovers, are also innocent poachers and bird-trappers. (Hass.)

THE WALSINGHAM WOMAN. *By Jan Westcott. Crown Publishers. $3.50.*
Frances Walsingham was one of the few women who could get Elizabeth I to trotting her dander around. This, in fictional form, is her life story, which included three illustrious marriages—with Sir Philip Sydney, the Earl of Essex, and Richard de Burgh. (Snadjr.)

Writers and Writing

(Continued from page 36)

he engaged in a wide range of activities, from amatory to revolutionary (with Teresa Guiccioli the two were mixed).

A sampling from his voluminous correspondence, edited by Jacques Barzun as **"The Selected Letters of Lord Byron"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.75), makes a first rate book for its letters, its editor's acumen in selecting, and his brilliant introduction. The introduction, even if read after the letters (which is a test), stands out for its clarity and wit. Especially judicious is his distinction between the man Byron and the time-spirit Byronism; as a biographer and as a cultural historian he does justice to both. His epigrammatic style is no disadvantage: "A letter is in fact the only device for combining solitude and good company." With all these felicities, the volume suffers from poor paper, stingy margins, and excessive price. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

CHATS WITH KAFKA: Goethe had his Eckermann, Johnson his Boswell, and —though on a more modest scale in all ways—Franz Kafka had a friend who took down his conversation. In 1920 an ambitious seventeen-year-old writer met him at the Workmen's Accident Insurance Institution in Prague where Kafka worked, and they conversed at odd intervals until 1924, the year of his death. Gustav Janouch has only now put together his notes and reminiscences; they have been cleanly translated by Goronwy Rees and issued as **"Conversations with Kafka"** (Praeger, $3). Like his novels and stories Kafka possessed a powerful and enigmatic nature. Although these first-hand notes are too slight and scattered to change our main conception of him, they help fill in some of his ideas. Doubly alienated by his (Jewish) religion and his (German) language, he felt an affection for the Czech boy, and spoke to him frankly and deeply though never impulsively. If they ever discussed trivialities, perhaps the boy did not write them down, for he discourses only of profundities: the poet and his nature, Jews and Zionism, revolutions and international politics, and love. Most of his remarks have a weighty eloquence, some of them (those on revolutions and Russia, for example) a prophetic truth. In one flaw of inaccuracy (perhaps the translator's) Father Flanagan's town is populated by "crazy boys." More Kafka material remains to be published. It is in the custody of his executor Max Brod, who supplies a brief introduction to this valuable but minor contribution. —R. H.

MASTER OF INVECTIVE: If the eighteenth century in England was the age of Enlightenment, it was also the Age of Ill-Tempered Men. Besides Swift, Johnson, Pope, and Sir John Hawkins, the dour musicologist, there was Philip Thicknesse, the most incorrigible of all, who, after his birth in 1719, carried within him for a good part of a long life an unceasing and monumental rage against mankind. In **"Dr. Viper"** (British Book Centre, $3.50), an entertaining biography by an English country doctor named Philip Gosse, we learn that in addition to being a master of scandalous invective—a sort of macrocosmic Leo Durocher—Thicknesse was a soldier of uncertain repute, an inveterate traveler, the discoverer of Gainsborough, an expert on gallstones, and an incredible gossip. Expelled from school at the age of sixteen, he went to Georgia with Oglethorpe, where he had some notable first battles with John Wesley, and with Oglethorpe himself.

During the next twenty years, he was married twice—to a French girl for her money, which he never got; and to Lady Elizabeth Touchet, with whom he had some financial success.

Survival

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

THIS letter will be profitless
to send.
More for myself, this note,
written, but not as I would
have it end,
harder for me than you to
comprehend.
Yet in the mind some things remain
intolerably clear:
the empty airport and your plane
knifing the overhang of heavy rack
westward to nothingness;
the night, enormous, black,
rushing to meet me, plunging
down to press
its weight upon immovable time, as
though
the sky had fallen. Perhaps, not
thinking back,
I can believe that all things pass away,
that all things go.
Tomorrow will engender from today
a season of serenity, a slow
progression that eventually can
survive the coldest year.
Those other letters that I wrote
you ran
to many pages. Is there more to say?
Winter is here,
but winter will not stay.

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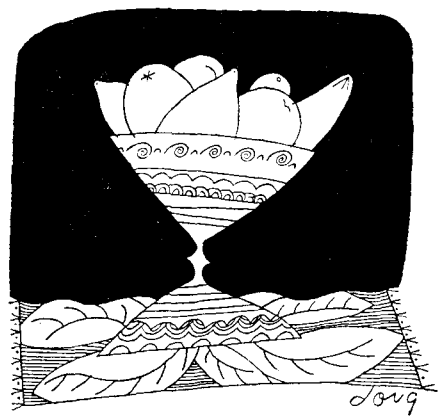
lieutenant-governorship of a small English coastal fort, where he became addicted to opium, made a tuneful of new enemies, and indulged his creative genius for embellishing thatched cottages by enhancing the first of several he was to own with a human skull, a mossy monument to Thomas Chatterton, and a parlor with a floor of Roman bricks, the ceiling and walls of which were lined entirely with seashells. He sold his command for a handsome profit after his second wife's death in 1763, and promptly married Ann Ford, a well-connected London beauty.

For the remainder of his life he made his living, so far as can be discovered, by a tricky mixture of blackmail and scurrilous journalism, written in a remarkable prose, which is at once turbid, lyrical, and shameless. Thicknesse died in 1793, secure in his reputation as one of England's most eminent eccentrics, with only his durable third wife to see him to a lonely grave in Boulogne, and fit him out with a glowing epitaph, which reads in part: ". . . His loss is truly lamented by all those who were acquainted with his real worth. No man was ever his enemy whose friendship was worth coveting. His literary by those who were stung by the severe but just censure of his poignant pen." —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

DIARY OF A PERIPATETIC WRITER: The prolific novelist Cecil Roberts has lifted from his personal diary the section for 1950 and called it **"One Year of Life"** (Macmillan, $4.50). The daily entries relate his thoughts and activities during travels in Monte Carlo, southern France, Italy, England and Scotland, and finally New York.



by his own diary; it is a mirror that accommodates its flattery to its subject. But to others the same mirror can be a terribly revealing instrument. What this one reveals, unintentionally, is one of the most irritating personalities to be caught between hard covers. The Cholly Knickerbocker name-dropping, the nostalgia for royalty and old coronets, and the tears for the good old days before taxes, revolutions, and tourists—these are matched by a smug philistinism toward new music and literature. (Joyce and D. H. Lawrence he calls *writers of obscenity.*) His egotism (a tolerable trait in moderation) runs riot, for he is always meeting people who found his books great, and he never ceases to gloat that one novel is in its twenty-eighth impression, another in its twenty-third, and so on. Stomach ulcers also afflict the diary; like most valetudinarians Roberts doesn't realize how tedious one's ailments are (to others). His style alternates between the cozy and the gushy, and sometimes surges forth as a snatch of poetry from the best-thumbed pages of Bartlett. Keeping a diary is a harmless pastime—if it is kept under lock and key.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

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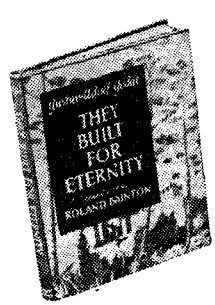

By Gustav-Adolf Gedat

Translated by Roland Bainton

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SR's World Travel Calendar

NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, JANUARY

Austria

BOOK EXHIBITION *(November, Vienna).*

INTERNATIONAL FENCING CONTEST *(Nov. 27-29, Vienna).*

WINTER SPORTS: *(Innsbruck, Jan. 3):* Annual Berg-Isel ski jumping contests; *(Kitzbuhel, Jan. 19-24):* International skiing contests; *(Badgastein, Jan. 19-24):* Skiing, skating, bobsled meet.

Belgium

CARILLON CONCERTS *(Malines, Nov. 21, 22).*

LOVERS FAIR *(Arlon, Dec. 3):* The giant Hellechsman (the marriage-maker) is the center of attraction.

MIDNIGHT MASS *(Foy-Notre-Dame, Dec. 24):* Illumination of the ceiling of the church at Christmas Eve service.

AUTO SHOW *(Brussels, Jan. 16):* The thirty-seventh international car and cycle exhibition. At the Palais du Centenaire-Heysel.

INTERNATIONAL CATTLE SHOW *(Antwerp, Jan. 23).*

Bermuda

BONEFISH TOURNAMENT *(Hamilton, Nov. 1-March 1):* Silver trophies for prizes.

QUEEN'S VISIT *(Hamilton, Nov. 24):* Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh to stop at Bermuda on their tour. It will be the first time a reigning monarch has gone to Bermuda.

GOMBEY DANCERS *(Hamilton, Dec. 26):* Native dancers appear at the larger hotels as part of Boxing Day entertainment.

GOLF TOURNAMENT *(Hamilton, Jan. 8-12):* Contests for men, women. Several divisions.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT *(Paget Parish, Jan. 22-29):* Singles, doubles for men, women.

Britain

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW *(London, Nov. 9):* Colorful parade through London with the new Lord Mayor riding in his golden coach.

SMITHFIELD SHOW *(London, Dec. 7-11):* Livestock, agricultural machinery exhibition.

STEEPLECHASES *(Hurst Park, Surrey, Dec. 18, 19; Wetherby, Yorkshire; Wincanton, Somerset; Kempton Park, Middlesex, and Newton Abbot, Devon, Dec. 26; Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, Dec. 30, 31).*

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS *(London, Dec. 18-Jan. 30).*

INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS *(Hastings, Sussex, Dec. 29-Jan. 7).*

CAGE BIRDS EXHIBITION *(London, Jan. 7-9):* At Olympia.

AUSTRALIA DAY *(London, Jan. 26):* Special services at St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

France

GASTRONOMICAL FAIR *(Dijon, Nov. 1-15):* Food specialties of France, other countries.

"LES TROIS GLORIEUSES" *(Nuits-St. Georges, Beaune, Meursault, No. 14-16):* Three days devoted to celebrating the glories of Burgundy wines, foods.

MIDNIGHT MASS *(Le Baux, Perouges, Dec. 24).* Procession of shepherds, one of the unusual activities in a very old church.

SWIMMING *(Paris, Dec. 25):* Race across the Seine for the Christmas Cup.

SKIING, YACHTING *(Nice, Jan. 13-17):* Winter sports in nearby mountains and boat races on the Mediterranean. Contests staged to dramatize dual attractions of Nice.

SKI CONTEST *(Mégève, Jan. 23, 24):* The Emile Allais Cup at stake.

Germany

ST. MARTIN'S FESTIVAL *(Bonn, Düsseldorf, Nov. 10):* Traditional festivities, children's processions. Similar celebration at Heidelberg, Nov. 15.

BICYCLING *(Nov. 12-18, Munich):* Annual six-day bike race.

CHRISTMAS MARTS *(Nuremberg, Dec. 4-24; Bonn, Dec. 10-24; Munich, Dec. 11-24; Kassel, Dec. 12-22).*

INTERNATIONAL WINTER SPORTS WEEK *(Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Jan. 1-6).* One of the top events on the international ski racing circuit.

GREEN WEEK *(Berlin, Jan. 29-Feb. 7):* Important annual agricultural fair.

Hawaii

FISHING RODEO *(Honolulu, November):* Exact dates to be announced in October, because weather determines time of contest.

BODHI DAY *(Islandwide, Dec. 6 or 7):* Oriental pageantry a feature of this important Buddhist festival.

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT *(Honolulu, Dec. 19):* International celebration put on by Honolulu Council of Churches at Iolani Palace.

FISHING FESTIVAL *(Laie Beach, Oahu, Jan. 30):* Group fishing; feast served at noon.

Israel

EXHIBITION *(Jerusalem, November):* Display of Chinese art at Bezalel Museum.

CHANUKA *(Dec. 2):* The Feast of the Lights marks the purification of the Temple by the Maccabees. Festival begins with lighting of bonfire at Modi-in, birthplace of the Maccabees. Torch of freedom carried throughout the country by marathon runners.

CHRISTMAS *(Nazareth, Dec. 25):* Pontifical Mass at the Church of the Annunciation.

NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION *(Jaffa, Nazareth, Jan. 1):* Solemn mass.

Italy

AUTO RACE *(Taormina, Dec. 26):* VI Coppa Automobilistica di Natale.

OPERA SEASON *(December-April in Florence, Milan, Naples, Palermo, Parma, Rome, Venice.)*

EPIPHANY FAIR *(Rome, Jan. 4-6):* Famous funfest at Piazza Navona.

WINTER SPORTS CONTESTS *(Cervinia, Cortina, Sestrieres, Jan. 6, 7; International skiing contests for women at Castrozza, Jan. 17, for men, Valle d'Aosta, Jan. 17).*

Jamaica

QUEEN'S VISIT *(Nov. 25, 26):* Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh to arrive at Montego Bay on Nov. 25th, then drive to Kingston.

South America

ALL SAINT'S DAY *(Nov. 1):* Special services in churches, pilgrimages to cemeteries.

FEAST OF THE VIRGIN *(El Quinche, Ecuador, Nov. 21):* Indians' religious holiday celebrated in cathedral near Quito.

PATRIOTS' DAY *(Columbia, Nov. 21):* Ceremonies mark 122nd anniversary of founding of Republic of New Grenada.

KING'S DAY *(Jan. 6):* Celebrated with parties, giving of gifts in most countries. Morality plays often staged in front of churches in Cuzco, Peru, and Popayan, Columbia.

FAIR *(La Paz, Bolivia, Jan. 24-26):* God of prosperity honored with celebration in main square of La Paz. Booths sell Indian crafts.

Spain

LIVESTOCK FAIR *(Huesca, Nov. 23-25):* One of the more important livestock fairs in Spain; traditional close of bull-fighting season.

SACRED MUSIC CONCERT *(Montserrat, Dec. 24):* Famous for its boys' choir.

Sweden

NOBEL PRIZES *(Stockholm, Dec. 10):* Scientific, literary prizes awarded.

ST. LUCIA DAY *(Nationwide, Dec. 13):* Queen of Light honored at parties which feature march of young girls wearing crowns of lighted candles.

Switzerland

AUTUMN FAIR *(Basel, Nov. 1-8).*

HORSE JUMPING CONTEST *(Geneva, Nov. 14-22):* International competition.

"LUWAL" *(Lucerne, Nov. 21-29):* Christmas exhibition by local businessmen.

"ESCALADE" *(Geneva, Dec. 11, 12):* Patriotic celebration features masked balls.

FIGURE-SKATING CONTESTS *(Wengen, Jan. 4, 14, 21, 28):* Competitions for Knoop Cup, Shaw Cup, Arthur Cumming Cup, and Kurverein Cup.

BOBSLEIGH CHAMPIONSHIPS *(St. Moritz, Jan. 9, 10):* European championships for juniors.

TOBOGGAN CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Davos, Jan. 23, 24):* The 12th European Toboggan Contests.

INTERNATIONAL SPEED SKATING CONTESTS *(Davos, Jan. 30, 31).*

USA

FOOTBALL BOWL GAMES *(Jan. 1):* Cotton Bowl, Dallas, Texas; Orange Bowl, Miami, Fla.; Rose Bowl, Pasadena, Calif.; Sugar Bowl, New Orleans, La.; Sun Bowl, El Paso, Texas.

ANTIQUES FORUM *(Williamsburg, Va., beginning Jan. 25 and Feb. 1):* Two-week-long sessions. First will feature eighteenth-century background; second discusses "What's American About American Antiques?"

West Indies

COCK FIGHTS *(Havana and Puerto Rico, Nov.-March).*

JAI-ALAI *(Havana, November-March):* Basque national game played at Fronton nightly except Mondays, Fridays; at Habana-Madrid daily at 3 P.M., Mondays and Fridays at 9 P.M.

FEAST OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION *(Throughout the West Indies, Dec. 8).*

GUADALUPE DAY *(Ponce, P.R., Dec. 12):* Special services, processions honor patron saint of the city.

BOXING DAY *(Nassau, Dec. 26):* Junkanoo parade early in the morning.

CALYPSO TENTS *(Trinidad, January-February):* Natives hold songfests in tents on weekends.

SAN SEBASTIAN DAY *(San Sebastian, P.R., Jan. 20):* Parades, folk dancing honor saint for whom the town was named.

—Robert Meyer, Jr.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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Up on the Upholstered Frontier

LAC DES LOUPS, QUEBEC.

I HAVE spent a great many autumns feeling deep sorrow for fishermen who pass the fall weeks at fishing lodges enduring such rigors of the outdoors as no man has known since Gary Cooper stood off the attacking tribes at Khyber Pass. My remorse has been somewhat tempered, however, ever since I walked down the dock at the Lac Ouimet Club at Ste. Jovite the other day, got in a Norseman seaplane, and flew off to the Lake of the Wolves in the Canadian northwoods. This roughing-it-at-a-lodge-in-the-woods may turn out to be a bigger fraud than the Teapot Dome.

The secluded location of our encampment, which is known as O'Connell's Lodge, has not kept Signor O'Connell from installing a bar with indirect lighting. Sleeping bags, I suspect, are a slow item at Messrs. Abercrombie and Fitch, for Mr. O'Connell's fishermen lay their leathery heads each twilight on Beauty Rest mattresses mounted on Slumber King bedsprings. Quiet, junior! Dad has had a tough day at the lake.

It seems to me I have been looking for many years at photographs purporting to show Indian guides cooking up a mess of biscuits by the open fire. Nowhere do I remember the likes of Mr. O'Connell's light pine dining room with appended outdoor terrace decorated all around with that border of bright geraniums. You can tell this is a fishing lodge because there is a stuffed moose and a stuffed fish on the wall.

We are sixty miles from the nearest permanent metropolis, a place named Maniwaki, which is Indian talk for Mary's Land. Indian words are bandied about up here like French in a Fifth Avenue salon. *Metchinomegus,* a man is liable to say, especially if he is an Algonquin. It means big trout. And there is *congway,* which is "jealous wife," and *hanwatan,* meaning "the wind has let down, now it is quiet." There is not much to the north of us except 114 miles of gravel road leading to Val d'Or, where the citizens mine gold, copper, and zinc.

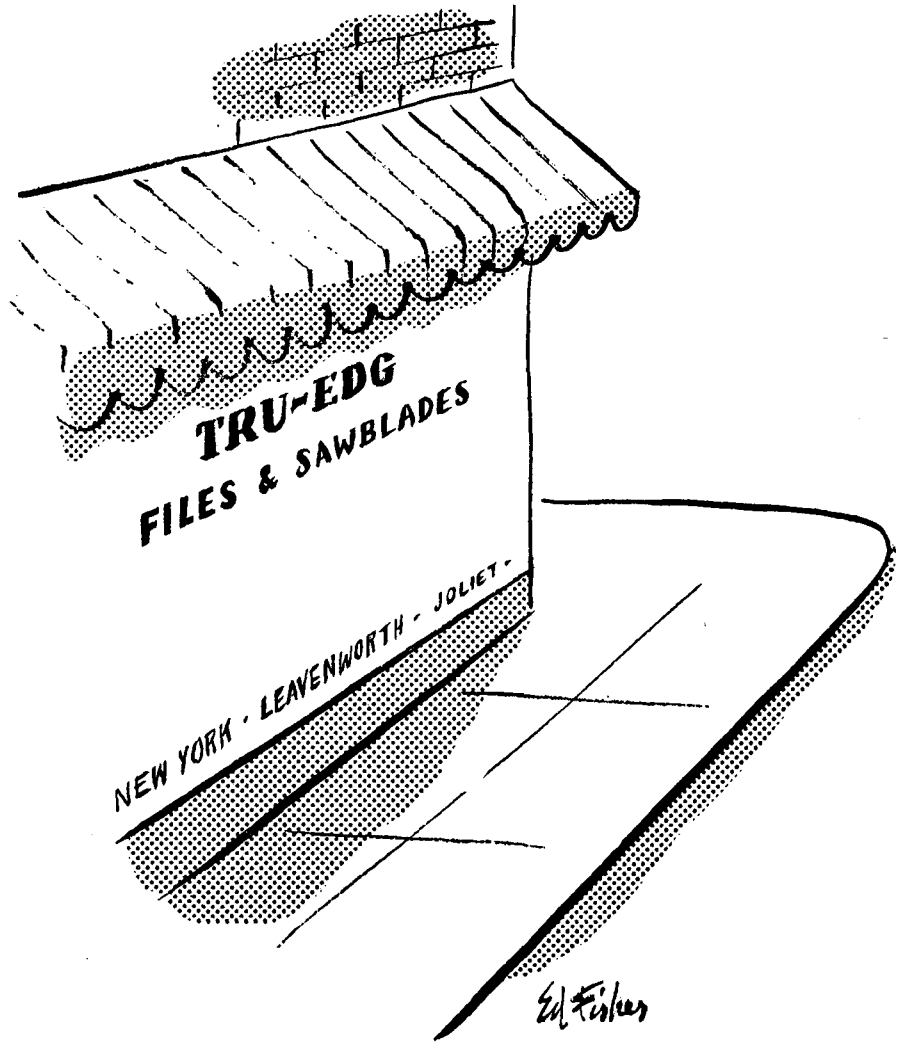
We are in the back woods all right, but any man who says he is going up to the Lake of the Wolves to do some fishing is leaving himself open for a very smart crack, especially if there's a congway in his house.

There are fifteen cottages at our outpost, every room with running water, most of them with bath, and all caressed by radio and recorded music piped in from the main building. In all there are 158 beds, and many's the time they are filled with such woodsmen as the Maharajah of Baroda, Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, Jack Sharkey, General Ridgway, and Bert Lahr. The rates run from $9.50 a day per person, four in a room, bunk-bed style, to $22 a day in Mountaintop Cottage. Mountaintop is just a simple little old log cabin with six picture windows giving out on Lac des Loups, where the giant fish repose. The logs are peeled and chinked with plastic tar, frontier style. Other backwoods touches are screened porches, stall showers, chrome plumbing, and draperies that run on trolleys.

During the summer many fishermen bring their families, and there are some family cottages which will hold [illegible] play on the swings and slides, and mothers can slave over a hot tennis court while dad is out with the rod and reel. Pilgrimages are made to the garbage dump at dumping time, which is twice a day, to watch the bears pick through the leftovers.

This family business is all very well until the end of August, but when the last Lilliputian has been packed off in the direction of home and school the serious fishing is on. From now on until the end of October, when the season closes, every fisherman is out on the Lake of the Wolves at the crack of dawn. Fishermen and skiers are worlds apart, they tell you up here, for when the skier is home from the hills he is ready for an evening of singing purple songs. A fisherman, however, is mainly ready for the sack. He is even too tired to be a loup. The lodge has organized corn roasts, weiner roasts, and barn dances, but when the serious season is on they are fabulous duds.

WHEN the fishermen are concentrating on fish they hire a guide every day at $8 the day plus $2.50 for what the guide eats on the day he is guiding. With a guide in the boat it is a



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bec that a man will come in fishless. However, Mr. George O'Connell, who is sixteen and who is the owner's son, has told me of a profitable venture he used to have, which was paddling around in a boat at day's end selling previously deceased fish to fishless fishermen.

There are thirty guides at O'Connell's, Algonquins or half-castes, but the most famous of all is an ample Algonquin named Nona Monatch. The first time I met him he was sitting in a boat with two sports from Philadelphia who were fishing with their chauffeur. A man should not fish without his chauffeur at a fishing lodge that is worthy of the name. Nona has been guiding for fourteen years, and he likes it better than his old work, which was driving a dog team. In the winter he cooks for a paper company. "Last year nobody died," he told me with some surprise. Between the end ning of the cooking season he takes parties moose hunting. He is an expert player of the birchbark horn, an instrument which makes a bull moose think he is being serenaded by a cow moose. Nona doesn't use music on the fish, however, and when he is guiding two men in his boat he rarely comes in without ten fish. Nona goes fishing 200 days a year.

ONCE when we were in the fish house where the catch is brought we saw some fellows sporting an enormous twenty-three-pound pike, and rumors were coming from the lake that another party had two others over twenty pounds. We asked about this oversized pike and a man in a smelly shirt and a battered cap said, "Caught it on a six-pound leader. Fuzzy's fish was so big it went right through the net."

I went out in one of O'Connell's three cruisers one day and worked the better part of the Lake of the Wolves. A French Canadian name of Al-bare was our guide and he put bait on the hook that I would have been proud to display as a catch. Why Nona Monatch is responsible for 2,000 fish a year and why some other people don't get any, I do not know. I do know that there was not a sign of a fighting pike. There wasn't even a sign of young George O'Connell bearing a limp pike, which at this point I would have cheerfully purchased. Chin up and don't lose heart, I have been advised. O'Connell's has fifteen other lakes in which to drop a hook, five of them for the especial purpose trout.

If there is anyone who would like to top my record during the serious season, Lake of the Wolves can be reached by car by following Route 11 out of Montreal to Mont Laurier, and then taking Route 58 over seventy-two miles of gravel highway to the lodge. Three buses come up each day and three come down from Val d'Or. Wheeler Airlines has charter flights from Montreal airport landing on O'Connell's own mile-long, paved air strip, four miles from the lodge. Or Wheeler will take you by land- or sea-plane from Ste. Jovite, which is in the Laurentians. A hired Cessna with room for three passengers costs $88 for the excursion, and you can make it from either Montreal or Ste. Jovite in just over an hour.

The only thing is, don't come back with some story about roughing it with the boys at a fishing lodge in the Canadian northwoods. The next time some *Field-and-Stream* type tells me that, I shall wait until he is finished and then I shall say, "Hanwatan, brother, hanwatan." The wind has let down, now it is quiet.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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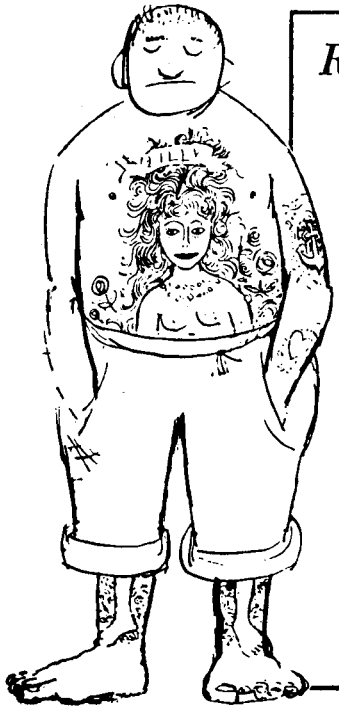

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by

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The Petrified Forest

By Mae Winkler Goodman

THIS is no ordinary wood
Where hemlock branches
lace the sky;
Here is a forest that withstood
Millenniums, and would not die.

Beside this iridescent stone
A dinosaur once came to feed;
Its history, inscribed in bone,
Is left for all to read.

This log of burnished rock once lay
Beneath an ocean's mighty flood;
It saw the dawn of time, when day
Rose in a sea of mud.

Now, where vetch and desert mallow
And mariposa lilies run,
Where rabbit brush and
snakeweed follow,
These agate rainbows cup the sun.

The rock wren builds its lonely nest;
Even the hummingbird has come—
Here the horned lark stops to rest,
The golden eagle is at home.

We view this wonder, at a loss;
Time begs for meaning here until
We sight two names
carved with a cross,
And "John loves Mary" still.

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Continued from page 29

before a Congressional sub-committee. He is, of course, not told the charge or who his accusers are.

Senator Mills, the intelligent and sensitive chairman of the sub-committee, horrified at the degrading actions of some of his confrères, and especially at the notorious committee member Senator Glavis, burdens himself with the chairmanship in order to try to restore dignity to the proceedings. He has a wife, Celia, who completely fails to understand her husband's motives for accepting the chairmanship of the odious sub-committee. She is greatly attracted to Prescott, the young man under fire, and when she defies her husband and undertakes Mike's defense to uphold her principles her husband has some rather justifiable doubts as to how she's playing it—a torchbearing crusader? Or a woman in love? As the tension mounts, and as mystery about young Prescott deepens, you will find yourself turning the pages faster and faster. —MAY F. BELDEN.

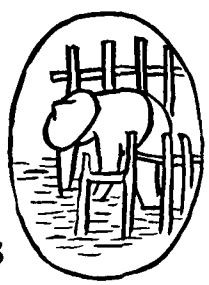
CRUELTY ASHORE: Nicholas Monsarrat, who in "The Cruel Sea" produced one of the most popular tales of the naval side of the last world war, has now ventured into a field about as far removed as it would be possible to get. His new novel, **"The Story of Esther Costello,"** (Knopf, $3.50), is concerned with an ethical problem—the degradation of supposedly noble and charitable impulses through exposure to temptation, avarice, and ruthlessness. The reader will search its pages in vain for either logic or inevitability. Esther Costello is a storybook character, deaf, dumb, and blind as the result of an accident which took place in childhood. In her portrait there are many blank spaces which only serve to call attention to the too-high color used in other spots. Mrs. Bannister is in a sense the key figure of the book. It is she who retrieves Esther from the abyss into which her family had allowed the child to fall. Mrs. Bannister is endowed by her creator with a completely flexible personality which can be blown first in one direction and then in another without the perceptible aid of any motivated wind. Her disreputable husband, who upsets the apple cart by raping Esther and thereby restoring sight and speech to her, is equally subject to the author's dice-throwing manipulation. The publication of this book is a step in reverse for the author of "The Cruel Sea." —RAYMOND HOLDEN.

"Remember that name—

VERN SNEIDER"

wrote Lewis Gannett, after the publication of *The Teahouse of the August Moon.* Now from this author who interprets the Oriental mind with such startling clarity and infinite perception comes a powerful and moving novel of Formosa—and of the lives of the ordinary people whose home is the powder keg of the Pacific.

A Pail of Oysters



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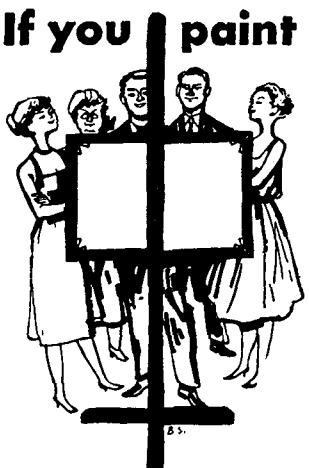

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Dynamics of Consumption

By

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The Brazen Head

"Time is! Time was! Time is past!"

By Martha Keller

(From "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" by Robert Greene)

BLACKENING within her grave,
Troy is ashes in an urn.
Does she—as her gateways burn,
Buried by the breaking wave
Of her black and broken wall—
Hear her frantic horses scream?
She who saw her cities fall,
Does she, tranced within a dream
Like Cassandra, now once more
Wailing by the weedy shore,
Shriek the bodies of the brave?

For the end is always this—
That the wind is always dust,
Red with ruin and with rust.
In the king's necropolis,
Winged bulls and lions blaze
On the stairway, on the stair.
Broken like a painted vase,
Girls with henna on their hair,
Lie and stare with lidless eyes
Where the terraced pillars rise
Leading to Persepolis.

With her slaves beside her lest
She be lonely if she wake,
With the desert like a snake
Lying coiled upon her breast—
Dead she lies. Beneath the dune
Little apes and jeweled carp
And the peacocks of the moon
Lie beside her. With her harp
Made of tortoise in her hand,
Buried by the blowing sand,
She is dead and let her rest.
Carthago delenda est.

Blindly the somnambular
Sleepless cities of the night,
Lit with necklaces of light,
Seek the mirrors of the bar—
Though the oracles of air
And the auguries of sound,
All are empty. Only where
Time is buried in the ground
As a scarab is, and then
Found and disinterred again
Like a mummied motor car—
Will the Brazen Head of brass,
Chromium and broken glass,
Speak and tell us what we are.

In the chambers of the tomb,
Desolations, black with mold,
In their ruined coffers hold
Richness in a little room.
Lenient of indecencies,
Wrapped in rubble, and in gold
Anklets and idolatries,
Cities, beautiful and bold,
Long abandoned to the skies,
Mock the future with their eyes—
Doomed—yet amorous of doom.

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Good News

▶ In gratitude for the U.S. Marshall Plan, and in honor of Gen. George C. Marshall, Great Britain has established twelve annual scholarships for American men and women for study at British universities. The first awards will be given next April.

▶ The Bethlehem Steel Corporation has developed a unique way of aiding privately endowed American colleges and universities. It will pay each such college $3,000 for each graduate selected by the company for its own graduate training course, and it takes on more than one hundred such graduates each year. "The program offers a way for industry to give approved colleges financial assistance," said Eugene G. Grace, chairman. "I hope it may provide an increasing number of qualified graduates for industrial leadership." Here might be found part of the answer to the problem of the future of the privately endowed American college.

▶ Sweden's legislation against drunken driving, dating from 1934, is due to be stiffened soon. Any driver having an alcohol concentration of .05 per cent or more in his blood will be punished if detected. Whether involved in an accident or not, drivers are now punished by fines or jail terms up to six months if the alcohol ratio in the blood is between .08 and .15 per cent and by jail up to one year if it is above that level. The new law would raise the maximum jail terms to two years, and to six years if the driver contributes to another person's death.

▶ A 138-page book has been published by the United Nations with the rather drab title "Catalogue of Economic and Social Projects of the United Nations and Specialized Agencies—1953." It contains brief descriptions of 434 exciting international projects aimed at improving the living conditions of the world's two billion people. One reference alone tells of how the rate of malaria in children in one section of India was cut from seventy-seven to three per 100 in one year. The responsible agency was the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, UNICEF.

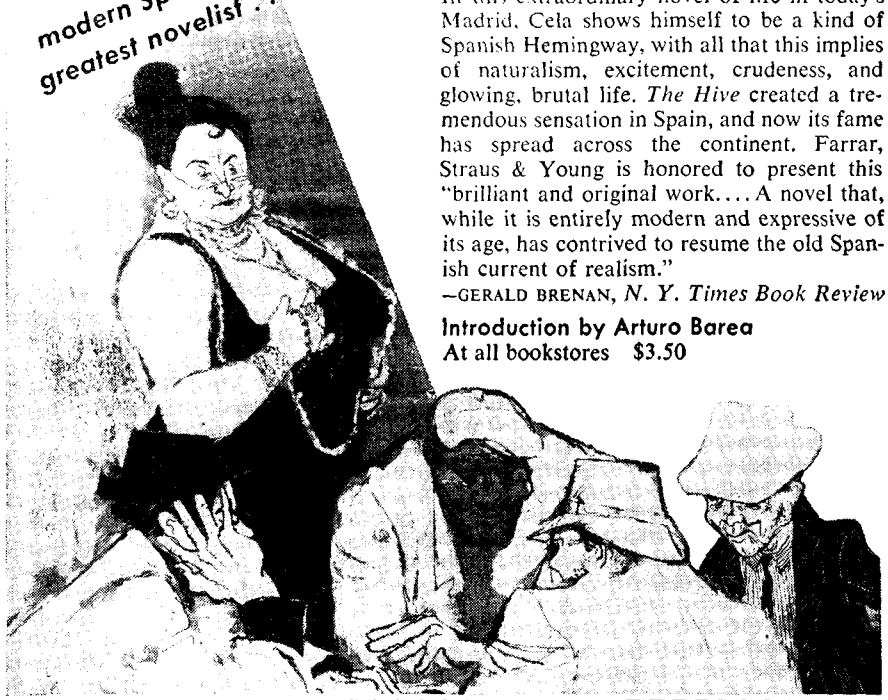
▶ Bickford's, a national chain of restaurants, is distributing to its customers a little pamphlet entitled "Have You Heard of the Bill of Rights?" It points out that in a recent poll only one American in four knew what the Bill of Rights is.

—DONALD HARRINGTON.

THE HIVE

by CAMILO JOSÉ CELA

FARRAR, STRAUS & YOUNG introduces modern Spain's greatest novelist . . .



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—GERALD BRENAN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

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Conversations with Rousseau

Continued from page 16

history, for instance?" ROUSSEAU. "They are just amusements." BOSWELL. "My father desires me to be called to the Scottish bar; I am certainly doing right in satisfying my father; I have no such certainty if I follow my light inclinations. I must therefore give my mind to the study of the laws of Scotland." ROUSSEAU. "To be sure; they are your tools. If you mean to be a carpenter, you must have a plane." BOSWELL. "I do not get on well with my father. I am not at my ease with him." ROUSSEAU. "To be at ease you need to share some amusement." BOSWELL. "We look after the planting together." ROUSSEAU. "That's too serious a business. You should have some amusement that puts you on an equal footing: shooting, for example. A shot is missed and a joke is made of it, without any infringement of respect. You enjoy a freedom which you take for granted.—Once you are involved in a profession, you must keep on with it even though another, and apparently better, should present itself. If you keep changing, you can achieve nothing."

(I should have observed that when I pushed the conversation on women, Mademoiselle went out, and Monsieur Rousseau said, "See now, you are driving Mademoiselle out of the room." She was now returned.) He stopped, and looked at me in a singular manner. "Are you greedy?" BOSWELL. "Yes." ROUSSEAU. "I am sorry to hear it." BOSWELL. "Ha! Ha! I was joking, for in your books you write in favor of greed. I know what you are about to say, and it is just what I was hoping to hear. I wanted to scheme myself into a dinner invitation. I had a great desire to share a meal with you." ROUSSEAU. "Well, if you are not greedy, will you dine here tomorrow? But I give you fair warning, you will find yourself badly off." BOSWELL. "No, I shall not be badly off; I am above all such considerations." ROUSSEAU. "Come then at noon; it will give us time to talk." BOSWELL. "All my thanks." ROUSSEAU. "Good evening."

SATURDAY, 15 DECEMBER. At seven in the morning I got on horseback and rode about a league to St. Sulpice, where I saw the source of the Reuse, the river which runs through the Val de Travers. It is a prodigious romantic place. I could not determine whether the water gushes in an immediate spring from the rock, or only issues out here, having pierced the mountain, upon which is a lake. The water comes forth with great violence. All around here I saw mountains and rocks as at Hartfell in Annandale. Some of the rocks were in great courses like huge stone walls, along which grew the towering pines which we call pitch firs, and which are much handsomer than the firs of Scotland.

I WAS full of fine spirits. Gods! Am I now then really the friend of Rousseau? What a rich assemblage of ideas! I relish my felicity truly in such a scene as this. Shall I not truly relish it at Auchinleck? I was quite gay, my fancy was youthful, and vented its gladness in sportive sallies. I supposed myself in the rude world. I supposed a parcel of young fellows saying, "Come, Boswell, you'll dine with us today?" "No, gentlemen, excuse me; I'm engaged. I dine today with Rousseau." My tone, my air, my native pride when I pronounced this! Temple! You would have given half a guinea to see me at that moment.

I returned to my inn, where I found the Court of Justice of the *vallon* assembled. I entered and was amused to hear a Justice of Peace and honest farmers and a country minister all talking French.

I then went to Monsieur Rousseau. "I hope your health is better today." ROUSSEAU. "Oh, don't speak of it." He seemed unusually gay. Before dinner we are all so, if not made to wait too long. A keen appetite gives a vivacity to the whole frame.

I said, "You say nothing in regard to a child's duties towards his parents. You tell us nothing of your Emile's father." ROUSSEAU. "Oh, he hadn't any. He didn't exist." It is, however, a real pity that Monsieur Rousseau has not treated of the duties between parents and children. It is an important and a delicate subject and deserves to be illustrated by a sage of so clear a judgment and so elegant a soul.

He praised *The Spectator*. He said, "One comes across allegories in it. I have no taste for allegories, though your nation shows a great liking for them."

I gave him very fully the character of Mr. Johnson. He said with force, "I should like that man. I should respect him. I would not disturb his principles if I could. I should like to see him, but from a distance, for fear he might maul me." I told him how averse Mr. Johnson was to write, and how he had his levee. "Ah," said he, "I understand. He is a man who enjoys holding forth." I told him Mr. Johnson's *bon mot* upon the innovators: that truth is a cow which will yield them no more milk, and so they are gone to

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milk the bull. He said, "He would detest me. He would say, 'Here is a corrupter: a man who comes here to milk the bull.'"

I HAD diverted myself by pretending to help Mademoiselle Le Vasseur to make the soup. We dined in the kitchen, which was neat and cheerful. There was something singularly agreeable in this scene. Here was Rousseau in all his simplicity, with his Armenian dress, which I have surely mentioned before now. His long coat and nightcap made him look easy and well.

Our dinner was as follows: 1. A dish of excellent soup. 2. A *bouilli* of beef and veal. 3. Cabbage, turnip, and carrot. 4. Cold pork. 5. Pickled trout, which he jestingly called tongue. 6. Some little dish which I forget. The dessert consisted of stoned pears and of chestnuts. We had red and white wines. It was a simple, good repast. We were quite at our ease. I sometimes forgot myself and became ceremonious. "May I help you to some of this dish?" ROUSSEAU. "No, Sir. I can help myself to it." Or, "May I help myself to some more of that?" ROUSSEAU. "Is your arm long enough? A man does the honours of his house from a motive or vanity. He does not want it forgotten who is the master. I should like every one to be his own master, and that no one should play the part of host. Let each one ask for what he wants; if it is there to give, let him be given it; otherwise, he must be satisfied without. Here you see true hospitality." BOSWELL. "In England, it is quite another matter. They do not want to be at ease; they are stiff and silent, in order to win respect." ROUSSEAU. "In France, you find no such gloom among people of distinction. There is even an affectation of the utmost liberty, as though they would have you understand, 'We stand in no fear of losing our dignity.' That is a more refined form of self-esteem."

BOSWELL. "Well, and do you not share that yourself?" ROUSSEAU. "Yes, I confess that I like to be respected; but only in matters of importance." BOSWELL. "You are so simple. I expected to find you quite different from this: the Great Rousseau. But you do not see yourself in the same light as others do. I expected to find you enthroned and talking with a grave authority." ROUSSEAU. "Uttering oracles? Ha! Ha! Ha!" BOSWELL. "Yes, and that I should be much in awe of you. And really your simplicity might lay you open to criticism; it might be said, 'Monsieur Rousseau does not make himself sufficiently respected.' In Scotland, I assure you, a very different tone must be taken to escape from the shocking familiarity which

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is prevalent in that country. Upon my word, I cannot put up with it. Should I not be justified in forestalling it by fighting a duel with the first man who should treat me so, and thus live at peace for the rest of my life?" ROUSSEAU. "No. That is not allowable. It is not right to stake one's life on such follies. Life is given us for objects of importance. Pay no heed to what such men say. They will get tired of talking to a man who does not answer them." BOSWELL. "If you were in Scotland, they would begin at the very start by calling you Rousseau; they would say, 'Jean Jacques, how goes it?' with the utmost familiarity." ROUSSEAU. "That is perhaps a good thing." BOSWELL. "But they would say, 'Poh! Jean Jacques, why do you allow yourself all these fantasies? You're a pretty man to put forward such claims. Come, come, settle down in society like other people.' And they would say it to you with a sourness which I am quite unable to imitate for you." ROUSSEAU. "Ah, that's bad."

THERE he felt the thistle, when it was applied to himself on the tender part. It was just as if I had said, "Hoot, Johnnie Rousseau man, what for hae ye sae mony figmagairies? Ye're a bonny man indeed to mauk siccan a wark: set ye up. Canna ye just live like ither fowk?" It was the best idea could be given in the polite French language of the rude Scots sarcastical vivacity.

BOSWELL. "I have leanings towards despotism, let me tell you. On our estate, I am like an ancient laird, and I insist on respect from the tenants." ROUSSEAU. "But when you see an old man with white hair, do you, as a young man, have no feelings at all? Have you no respect for age?" BOSWELL. "Yes. I have even on many occasions been very affable. I have talked quite freely with the tenants." ROUSSEAU. "Yes, you forgot yourself, and became a man." BOSWELL. "But I was sorry for it afterwards. I used to think, 'I have lowered myself.' " ROUSSEAU. "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

BOSWELL. "Yesterday I had in mind to ask a favor of you, to give me credentials as your ambassador to the Corsicans. Will you make me his Excellency? Are you in need of an ambassador? I offer you my services: Mr. Boswell, Ambassador Extraordinary of Monsieur Rousseau to the Isle of Corsica. Would you care to be King of Corsica?" ROUSSEAU. "On my word! Ha! Ha! Not I. It is beyond my powers" (with a low bow). "All the same, I can say, 'I have refused to be a king.' "

ROUSSEAU. "Do you like cats?" BOSWELL. "No." ROUSSEAU. "I was sure of that. It is my test of character. There you have the despotic instinct of men. They do not like cats because the cat is free and will never consent to become a slave. He will do nothing to your order, as the other animals do." BOSWELL. "Nor a hen, either." ROUSSEAU. "A hen would obey your orders if you could make her understand them. But a cat will understand you perfectly and not obey them." BOSWELL. "But a cat is ungrateful and treacherous." ROUSSEAU. "No. That's all untrue. A cat is an animal that can be very much attached to you; he will do anything you please out of friendship. I have a cat here. He has been brought up with my dog; they play together. The cat will give the dog a blow with his tail, and the dog will offer him his paw." (He described the playing of his dog and cat with exquisite eloquence, as a fine painter draws a small piece.) He put some victuals on a trencher, and made his dog dance round it. He sung to him a lively air with a sweet voice and great taste. "You see the ballet. It is not a gala performance, but a pretty

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THE YOUTH HOSTEL MURDERS *Glyn Carr* (Dutton: $2.50)	British rock-climbers suffer crushed heads; Abercrombie Lewker marvels.	Scenery agreeable, but plot a bit on the woozy side.	Affably literate
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AFFAIR AT LOVER'S LEAP *Robert George Dean* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Maine lake resorters jarred by flash-boy's death, but not Pvt. Eye Tony Hunter.	Scenario rather than story; characters stockish, but pace generally good.	Straightforward job

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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one all the same." I think the dog's name was Sultan. He stroked him and fed him, and with an arch air said, "He is not much *respected*, but he gets well looked after."

BOSWELL. "Suppose you were to walk in upon a drinking-party of young folk, who should treat you with ridicule, would you be above minding it?" ROUSSEAU. "It would put me out of countenance. I am shy by nature. I have often, for example, been overcome by the raillery of women. A party such as you describe would be disagreeable to me. I should leave it." I was comforted to find that my sensibility is not despicable weakness.

BOSWELL. "The Anglican Church is my choice." ROUSSEAU. "Yes. It is no doubt an excellent religion, but it is not the Gospel, which is all simplicity. It is another kind of religion." BOSWELL. "The Gospel, at the outset, was simple but rigorous too, as when Paul says it is better not to marry than to marry." ROUSSEAU. "Paul? But that is not the Gospel." BOSWELL. "Then you have no liking for Paul?" ROUSSEAU. "I respect him, but I think he is partly responsible for muddling your head. He would have been an Anglican clergyman."

BOSWELL. "Mr. Johnson is a Jacobite, but he has a pension of £300 sterling from the King." ROUSSEAU. "He ought not to have accepted a pension." BOSWELL. "He says that he does not drink the health of King James with the wine given him by King George." ROUSSEAU. "But you should not employ the substance given you by this wine in attacking King George."

Mademoiselle said, "Shall you, Sir, see Monsieur de Voltaire?" BOSWELL. "Most certainly." (To Rousseau.) "Monsieur de Voltaire has no liking for you. That is natural enough." ROUSSEAU. "Yes. One does not like those whom one has greatly injured. His talk is most enjoyable; it is even better than his books." BOSWELL. "Have you looked at the 'Philosophical Dictionary'?" ROUSSEAU. "Yes." BOSWELL. "And what of it?" ROUSSEAU. "I don't like it. I am not intolerant, but he deserves . . . (I forget his expression here). It is very well to argue against men's opinion; but to show contempt, and to say, 'You are idiots to believe this,' is to be personally offensive.—Now go away." BOSWELL. "Not yet. I will leave at three o'clock. I have still five and twenty minutes." ROUSSEAU. "But I can't give you five and twenty minutes." BOSWELL. "I will give you even more than that." ROUSSEAU. "What! of my own time? All the kings on earth cannot give me my own time." BOSWELL. "But if I had stayed till tomorrow I should have had five and twenty minutes, and next day another five and twenty. I am not taking those minutes. I am making you a present of them." ROUSSEAU. "Oh! Since you don't steal my money, you are giving it to me." He then repeated part of a French satire ending with "And whatever they leave you, they count as a gift." BOSWELL. "Pray speak for me, Mademoiselle." (To Rousseau.) "I have an excellent friend here." ROUSSEAU. "Nay, but this is a league." BOSWELL. "No league at all." Mademoiselle said, "Gentlemen, I will tell you the moment the clock strikes." ROUSSEAU. "Come; I need to take the air after eating."

WE walked out to a gallery pendant upon his wall. BOSWELL. "In the old days I was a great mimic. I could imitate every one I saw. But I have left it off." ROUSSEAU. "It is a bad quality, for it compels one to seize upon all that is small in a character." BOSWELL. "True. But I assure you there was a nobleness about my art, I carried mimicry to such a point of perfection. I was a kind of virtuoso. When I espied any singular character I would say, 'It must be added to my collection.' " He laughed with all his nerves: "You are an odd character." BOSWELL. "I am a physiognomist, believe me. I have studied that art very attentively, I assure you, and I can rely on my conclusions." He seemed to agree to this. ROUSSEAU. "Yet I think the features of the face vary between one nation and another, as do accent and tone of voice; and these signify different feelings among different peoples." This observation struck me as new and most ingenious. BOSWELL. "But in time one learns to understand them."

ROUSSEAU. "The roads are bad. You will be late." BOSWELL. "I take the bad parts on foot; the last league of the way is good.—Do you think that I shall make a good barrister before a court of justice?" ROUSSEAU. "Yes. But I regret that you have the talents necessary for defending a bad case."

BOSWELL. "Have you any commands for Italy?" ROUSSEAU. "I will send a letter to Geneva for you to carry to Parma." "BOSWELL. "Can I send you anything back?" ROUSSEAU. "A few pretty tunes from the opera." BOSWELL. "By all means. Oh, I have had so much to say, that I have neglected to beg you to play me a tune." ROUSSEAU. "It's too late."

MADEMOISELLE. "Sir, your man is calling for you to start." Monsieur Rousseau embraced me. He was quite the tender Saint-Preux. He kissed me several times, and held me in his arms with elegant cordiality. Oh, I shall never forget that I have been thus. ROUSSEAU. "Good-bye. You are a fine fellow." BOSWELL. "You have shown

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me great goodness. But I deserved it." ROUSSEAU. "Yes. You are malicious; but 'tis a pleasant malice, a malice I don't dislike. Write and tell me how you are." BOSWELL. "And you will write to me?" ROUSSEAU. "I know not how to reach you." BOSWELL. "Yes, you shall write to me in Scotland." ROUSSEAU. "Certainly; and even at Paris." BOSWELL. "Bravo! If I live twenty years, you will write to me for twenty years?" ROUSSEAU. "Yes." BOSWELL. "Good-bye. If you live for seven years, I shall return to Switzerland from Scotland to see you." ROUSSEAU. "Do so. We shall be old acquaintances." BOSWELL. "One word more. Can I feel sure that I am held to you by a thread, even if of the finest? By a hair?" (Seizing a hair of my head.) ROUSSEAU. "Yes. Remember always that there are points at which our souls are bound." BOSWELL. "It is enough. I, with my melancholy, I, who often look on myself as a despicable being, as a good-for-nothing creature who should make his exit from life,—I shall be upheld for ever by the thought that I am bound to Monsieur Rousseau. Good-bye. Bravo! I shall live to the end of my days." ROUSSEAU. "That is undoubtedly a thing one must do. Good-bye."

MADEMOISELLE accompanied me to the outer door. Before dinner she told me, "Monsieur Rousseau has a high regard for you. The first time you came, I said to him, 'That gentleman has an honest face. I am sure you will like him.'" I said, "Mademoiselle is a good judge." "Yes," said she, "I have seen strangers enough in the twenty-two years that I have been with Monsieur Rousseau, and I assure you that I have sent many of them packing because I did not fancy their way of talking." I said, "You have promised to let me have news of you from time to time." "Yes, Sir." "And tell me what I can send you from Geneva. Make no ceremony." "Well, if you will, a garnet necklace."

We shook hands cordially, and away I went to my inn. My eldest landlady looked at me and said, "Sir, I think you are crying." This I retain as a true elogium of my humanity. I replied, "[No.] Yet I am unhappy to leave Monsieur Rousseau. I will see you again in seven years." I got a-horseback and rode by the house of Monsieur Rousseau. Mademoiselle waited for me at the door, and cried, "*Bon voyage;* write to us." Good creature. I rode gravely to Yverdon contemplating how this day will appear to my mind some years hence. I was received cordially by my gallant Baron and my amiable Madame de Brackel; yet did my spirits sink pretty low. No wonder after such a high flow.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Prime Minister of Eng. just prior to Nov. 8, 1951.

B. Dampened again.

C. Lion-headed canine of China (2 wds.).

D. Piece of furniture outmoded by present bareheaded fashion.

E. Favors for children's parties, consisting of sweetmeats wrapped in paper bearing sentimental messages.

F. The property of a deceased person subject by law to the payment of his debts and legacies.

G. Literally, "peninsula", applied to several in ancient European geography.

H. Inside information (comp.; slang).

I. With the thin side of something foremost.

J. A "Cone" mountain nearly twelve thousand feet high, NW Wyoming.

K. Beautiful lake in central Maine, SE part of Piscataquis county.

L. Slang, anything completely snafu.

M. Winston Churchill's name for the barrier between free and Communist worlds (2 wds.).

N. Medieval matrix of modern science.

WORDS

109 78 153 52 147 198

91 194 140 149 165 132 28 169

62 181 144 89 154 114 189

9 53 176 100 180 56 157 93

42 130 46 48 133 137 148

155 162 112 152 117 199

66 142 116 110 18 125 105 119 71 161

13 159 97 195 129 76 115

7 179 113 166 156 36 123 127

5 81 118 73 44 139 197 29

27 146 49 59 86 58 111 150

98 83 168 69 1 128 75

104 151 34 43 54 187 126 19 170 85 178

124 191 196 135 84

DEFINITIONS

O. Moorish king whose magic golden helmet Don Quixote thought he recognized in the barber's basin.

P. Preceded by Word W, a propitious omen; from Roman augurs (whole phrase and used by Christopher Morley as a title; 3 wds.).

Q. In motion pictures, first prints from the shots of the preceding day.

R. Tool like a pickax, with one point parallel to handle, the other perpendicular.

S. Isle in Wessex marshes, Alfred's refuge from the Danes, 878-9.

T. Units of distance, each about six million million miles (comp.).

U. Slang for insincere flattery.

V. How things are left in sins of omission.

W. See Word P.

X. Tool used in basketwork for reducing splits to skeins (2 wds.)

Y. "The Unknown" of two angels who examine souls as to their faith in the prophet Mohammed (see Word Z).

Z. "The Repudiating" angel, colleague of Word Y.

WORDS

24 4 131 51 192 15 138 68

31 37 40 72 121 92 21 11 141

74 190 6 175 108 30

61 35 173 167 122 163

63 16 47 182 134 26 143 107

14 45 106 79 94 171 50 25 185 88

164 2 101 172 77 64 38 23 158 80

60 32 183 90 33 96

65 22 87 145 193 10 103

39 82 120 17 174 95 8 70 20 12 136 102

160 41 188 55 184 67

57 177 186 99 3

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 L	■	2 U	3 Z	4 O	5 J	6 Q	7 I	■	8 X	9 D	10 W	■
11 P	12 X	13 H	14 T	■	15 O	16 S	■	17 X	18 G	■	19 M	20 X	21 P	■	22 W	23 U
24 O	25 T	26 S	■	27 K	28 B	29 J	30 Q	31 P	32 V	■	33 V	34 M	35 R	■	36 I	37 P
■	38 U	39 X	40 P	41 Y	42 E	43 M	■	44 J	45 T	46 E	47 S	■	48 E	49 K	50 T	■
51 O	52 A	53 D	54 M	55 Y	■	56 D	57 Z	58 K	■	59 K	60 V	61 R	62 C	63 S	64 U	65 W
■	66 G	67 Y	68 O	69 L	70 X	■	71 G	72 P	73 J	74 Q	75 L	■	76 H	77 U	■	78 A
79 T	80 U	■	81 J	82 X	83 L	84 N	85 M	86 K	87 W	88 T	■	89 C	90 V	91 B	92 P	93 D
■	94 T	95 X	96 V	■	97 H	98 L	99 Z	100 D	101 U	102 X	103 W	104 M	105 G	106 T	■	107 S
108 Q	109 A	110 G	■	111 K	112 F	■	113 I	114 C	115 H	116 G	■	117 F	118 J	119 G	120 X	121 P
■	122 R	123 I	■	124 N	125 G	126 M	127 I	■	128 L	129 H	130 E	131 O	■	132 B	133 E	■
134 S	135 N	136 X	137 E	■	138 O	139 J	140 B	■	141 P	142 G	143 S	■	144 C	145 W	146 K	147 A
■	148 E	149 B	150 K	151 M	152 F	153 A	■	154 C	155 F	156 I	157 D	■	158 U	159 H	160 Y	161 G
162 F	■	163 R	164 U	165 B	166 I	■	167 R	168 L	■	169 B	170 M	171 T	172 U	173 R	174 X	175 Q
176 D	■	177 Z	178 M	179 I	■	180 D	181 C	182 S	■	183 V	184 Y	185 T	186 Z	■	187 M	188 Y
189 C	190 Q	191 N	192 O	193 W	194 B	195 H	■	196 N	197 J	198 A	199 F	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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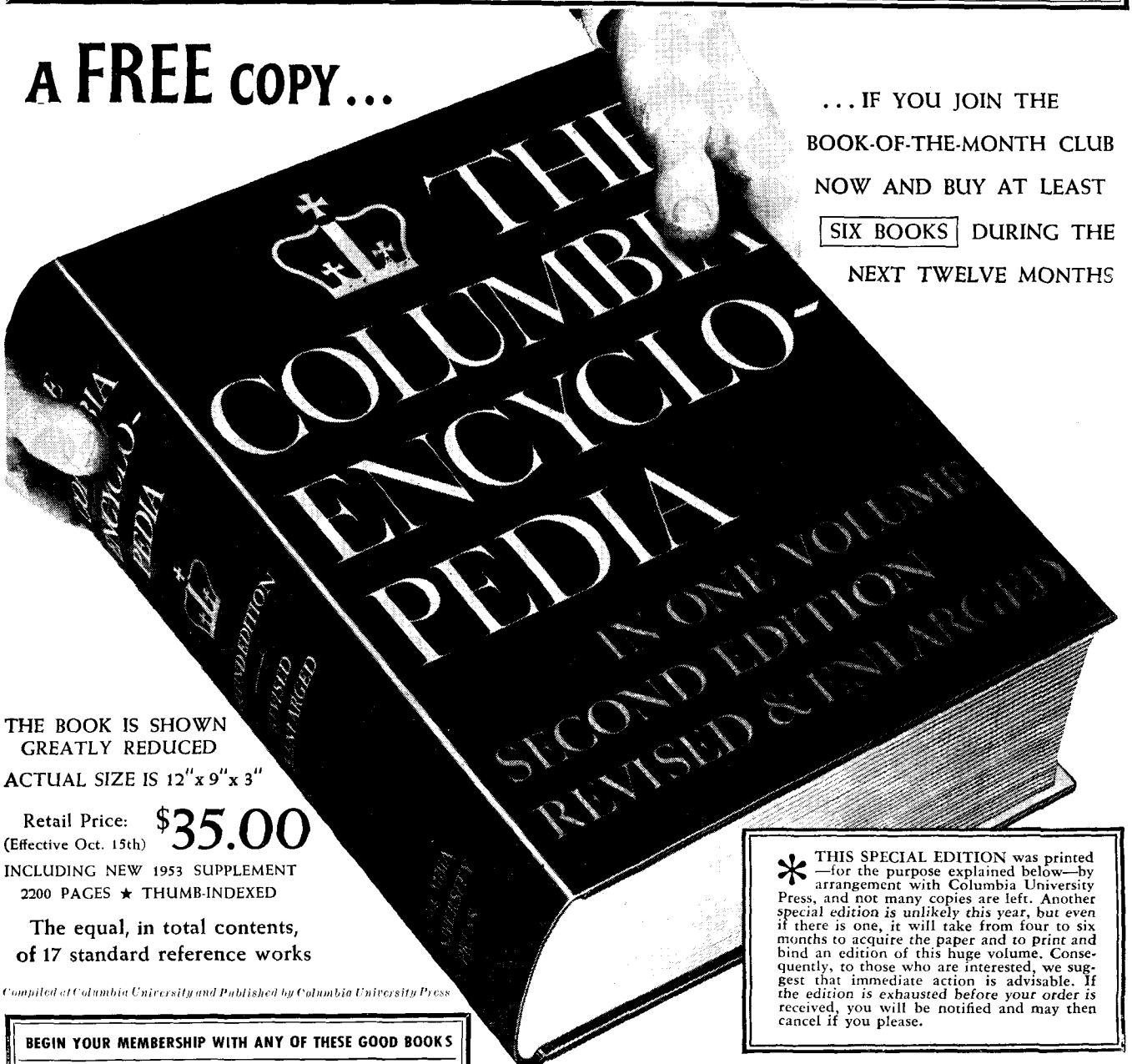

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